

Memorable

Accidents,

A N D

Unheard of Transactions,

CONTAINING

An Account of several Strange Events : As the Deposing of Tyrants, Lamentable Shipwrecks, Dismal Misfortunes, Stratagems of War, Perilous Adventures, Happy Deliverances, with other remarkable Occurrences, and select Historical Events, which have happened in several Countries in this last Age.

Translated from the *French*, Printed at *Brussels* in 1691. and Dedicated to His present Majesty
William King of England, &c.

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THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY
TO HIS
Brittanick Majesty.

S I R,

THough Your Majesty be wholly
busied in the greatest Affairs of
State, in the most Illustrious As-
sembly that was ever held, I presume ne-
vertheless, to believe that You will ~~not~~
be offended that I take the liberty to in-
terrupt You for a moment, and offer unto
Your Majesty this small Treatise, the read-
ing of which can only surprize those that
are ignorant of Your Majesties Life; for
since this containeth the most celebrated
Events of History, extracted out of the
Writings of the most famous Authors, all
the World will own that the Miracles
which make Your Character, surpass the
greatest and most astonishing Exploits here
related. It is for this cause, Sir, that my
silence will better express the profound
Veneration that I have for the Grandeur

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of Your Majesties Actions, than all the Elogies wherewith the ardor of my Zeal were able to Inspire me: Nevertheless, Sir, if I may be perswaded to judge of Your Intentions by Your Proceedings, all that Glory which shineth so bright in the Eyes of Men, is not that which doth most affect You; by so many Great and Heroick Actions You aspire to something yet greater. You know, Sir, that Kings who are truly so, esteem not Sovereign Power but as a thing ever ready to furnish them with opportunities of meriting the Love of Nations, by being Authors of the Publick Happiness.

— Your Majesty hath this Great Truth Ingraven upon Your Heart, and if in the beginning of Your Reign we have admired in Your Majesty the Hero and the Conqueror, we hope ever to Adore the Restorer of the Common Liberty of *Europe*. I am, with a profound respect,

S I R,

Your Majesties

Most Humble and

Most Obedient Servant,

T. LEONARD.

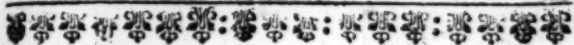
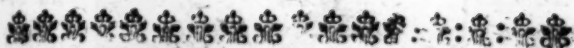
TO THE
READER.

HOW great soever the Diversion
and Pleasure be that we find in
Reading Romances, neverthe-
less true History hath all the advantage
over it that Truth hath over a Fable. If
we search Books for Examples, whereby
to regulate our Behaviour, those that we
know to be false, can they ever gain any
Empire over our Minds? For Exam-
ple, Can the Heroical Actions that we
read in Cleopatra, have so great Autho-
rity over us, as to engage us to imitate
them? And shall we set imaginary Per-
sons for a Model before us? It is not so
with History, and the reading thereof
produceth more certain Effects: When a
Man whose Inclinations are Warlike, ob-
serveth there that a private Soldier hath by
his Valour rais'd himself to the greatest
A 3 Dignities.

To the Reader.

Dignities, he conceiveth as high an Idea of the Success as a great Merit is capable of; he perswadeth himself that he may Achieve the like Adventures, since they have been before really perform'd, and this thought authoriz'd by the Truth of History, is able to determine him to the boldest Exploits. This is it, Reader, which hath oblig'd me to publish this Collection, the Events of which I have select-ed out of the General and Particular Histories, Memoirs, Voyages, and other most famous Works that have lately appeared. I hope it will meet with a favourable acceptance, because it containeth Adventures as rare as any that are to be found in Romances; here you are entertain'd with Shipwracks, overthrown Fortunes, Revolutions of Kingdoms, and the surprizing Effects of the Commotions of all the Passions. In fine, this Collection evidenceth that Virtue is of both Sexes, of all Ages, Countries and Conditions.

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Accidents,

A N D

Unheard of Transactions,

In several Nations in this last
Age.

The Shipwreck.

THE King of *Portugal* had sent to the King of *Siam* a very splendid Embassy: To answer the civility of this *European* Prince, the King deputed three great Mandarins in Quality of his Ambassadors, with six other younger Mandarins, and a considerable Retinue, to go to the Court of *Portugal*. We embark'd for *Goa* in the year 1684. where we abode eleven months, and departed thence for *Europe* in a *Portugal* Vessel, Jan. 27. 1686. but on the 27th. of *April* we unhappily run aground on the *Cape of the Needles*, and that in this man-

ner : That very day several Mariners were order'd to ascend the Masts, to observe the Land that we descry'd a little towards the right hand; by their relations the Captain and Pilot judg'd that it was the *Cape of Good Hope*, so without observing themselves whether the Mariners spoke truth or not, they continu'd their course till two or three hours after Sun-set, when they believ'd they had already past the Land we had before discover'd, then changing the course, they bore a little more towards the North. I know not what presage of the misfortune that threatned us had so fill'd me with restless thoughts, that I could not so much as close my eyes to sleep; I then came out of my Cabbin, and amus'd myself with beholding the Ship that seem'd to fly on the top of the waters. Casting my eyes a little further, I perceiv'd on a sudden a very dark shadow near our right side; this sight struck me with terror, and immediately I said to the Pilot, Is it not the Land that I see? As he approach'd to look, we heard them crying out in the Fore-castle, *Land, Land before us, we are lost.*

The Pilot run to the Helm to change the course, but we were so near the shore, that the Ship in veering struck thrice with her Poop upon a Rock; which made her stand still without any manner of motion. They run to the Poop, but not one drop of water had yet enter'd. Immediately they made all efforts possible to save themselves from Imminent ruine, by felling the Masts by the board, and unloading the Vessel, but they had not time, for the Wind drove the Ship upon the shore. These Mountains of Water breaking into foamy Billows upon the points of the Rocks

Rocks that jutted out into the Sea, lifted up the Vessel to the Clouds, letting her fall on a sudden upon the Cliffs with such violence that she could not hold out long. You might have heard her already cracking on all sides, some parts of her falling off from the rest; and at last, this great Mass of Wood being for a while thus dreadfully shaken and toss'd from Wave to Rock, was dash'd to pieces with a horrible noise. The Poop bore the first shock, and accordingly was the first part that bulg'd: To no purpose they cut down the Masts, and threw over-board the Guns, and all that lay in their way; all their precautions were in vain, for the ship struck upon the Rocks so often, and so rudely, that at last she open'd under the Gunners Room. The Water then entering in abundance, began to gain the first Deck, and to fill the Gunners Room, it advanced even to the great Cabin, and in a moment after it reach'd to their Girdles that were upon the second Deck, and still ascending insensibly, our ship at last sunk quite down into the Sea, till the Keel reach'd the bottom, the body of the Vessel remaining for some time immoveable. It would be a hard task to represent the astonishment, terror and consternation, that seiz'd upon every Heart in the Ship: Nothing now was heard but cries, sighs and groans: Some prostrate upon the Deck implor'd the assistance of Heaven: Others were throwing into the Sea Barrels, empty Casks, Sail-yards, and pieces of Boards, to aid them in making their escape. After the violence of the crying was over, they that remain'd in the Vessel began to think of saving themselves. They made several Rafts of

the Boards and Masts of the Ship, because they that first threw themselves into the Sea, not having been cautious enough were drown'd, being either swallow'd up, or dash'd to pieces by the violence of the Waves, which cast them upon the ledge of Rocks that run along the shore. I was no less astonish'd than the rest, but seeing that they assur'd me that there was probability of escaping, I plac'd my self upon some boards ty'd together, and by swimming gain'd the shore, to which already some *Portugals* had escap'd.

When they saw that no more were to be expected than those already arriv'd, they reckon'd up what were sav'd, and were found to be near two hundred persons; so that only seven or eight were drowned, by endeavouring to save themselves too soon. The second day after our Shipwrack, we set forth all together. The Captain and Pilots told us, that we were not far from the *Cape of Good Hope*, where the *Hollanders* have a very numerous Colony, and that in a day or two at most we might be with them. This assurance made most part of our company leave behind them the Victuals which they had sav'd out of the Vessel, that so being free of all incumbrances they might perform their Journey with greater ease. We march'd all that day without stopping but twice to repose a little; about Four a Clock after Noon, we found a great Marsh which comforted us not a little, the *Portugals* were of opinion that we should pass no further, but rest by this Ditch the approaching Night. The next day we departed very early, the *Portugals* got the start of us, because we were oblig'd to stay for the first Ambassador, who be-
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ing very weak and languishing, could not hold pace with the rest : But seeing there was a necessity not to lose them, we divided our selves into three companies, whereof the first kept always the *Portugals* in sight, and the two others observing the same distance, were inform'd by Signals from the first Band, when the *Portugals* stoppt, or alter'd their course. In all this days Journey we found but one Well, the Water, whereof was so brackish, that none of us could drink of it. At the same time we took notice by the Signal, that the *Portugals* had stop'd, we doubted not but that they had found good Water, and this hope made us redouble our pace ; nevertheless, we could not bring the Ambassador thither till after Sun-set. Our Men told us that the *Portugals* would not stay for us, saying, That it would avail us nothing to dye all together, with hunger, thirst and misery. The first Ambassador hearing this, told us, He felt himself so feeble and fatigu'd, that it was impossible for him to follow the *Portugals*, and therefore desired us that were in health to make haste to fetch them up ; only he order'd us, that seeing the *Hollanders* Habitation was not far off, to send from thence a Horse and Victuals, to bring him to the Cape if he were alive. This separation was very sad, but it was necessary. There was a young man of about fifteen years, a Mandarins Son, that would not be perswaded to leave the Ambassador, of whom he was very much belov'd, and whom he also lov'd in a particular manner ; his Gratitude and Love made him resolve to live and dye with the Ambassador ; and one old Servant abode also with his Master.

The second Ambassador, another Mandarin and I, bidding him adieu, set forward, and made so great haste, that in the Evening we join'd the *Portugals*. Continuing our March for some days, we found a little Island cover'd almost over with Muscles, and water'd with a Spring of running Water, we went thither with a purpose to stay one Night, but found our selves so well accommodated, that we remain'd there all the next day, and the following Night; after which we set forwards in our Journey.

Before our departure we perceiv'd certain dry Trees of a considerable bigness, pierc'd through both ends after the manner of Trumpets; the thirst that had hitherto so cruelly tormented us, made us bethink our selves of an Invention that was of great use to us in the rest of our Journey. Every one provided himself of one of these long Tubes, and having clos'd up the lower end, fill'd it with Water for a days Provision. We had lost some *Siamois* in our March, so that there remain'd but ten of us in all, reckoning the two Ambassadors. This loss, and the action of the *Portugals* who left us, put us in a great consternation, yet we took courage, and resolv'd to follow them. About Noon we arriv'd at the bank of a River about sixty foot broad, and seven or eight deep, we attempted to wade over, but the current was so rapid, that we were in danger of being carried away by it, and forc'd to return to the bank, therefore concluding that the *Portugals* had not past over this River, but continued their march along the banks thereof; following the same course we arriv'd at the foot of a Hill, which was hollow below as if

Nature had design'd to provide a Lodging for Travellers. There was room enough here to contain us all, and in it we abode all Night, which was very cold. My feet and legs had been for some days so swell'd, that I could neither wear Stockings nor Shoes. We coasted all the next day the banks of the River, in hopes to overtake the *Portugals*, whom we judg'd were not very far before us. From time to time we saw marks of them; one of our men found a Carbine, with a Box full of Powder, left without doubt by some *Portugal*, unable to carry them further. This fell into our hands very seasonably to kindle a fire withal, and seeing my swelling render'd my Shoes useless to me, I cutted them in pieces, and being boil'd we eat them very greedily. At last, having endur'd all the miseries of hunger, thirst, cold and weariness, the One-and Thirtieth day after our Shipwrack, we arriv'd at the Fort which the *Hollanders* have in the Road of the *Cape of Good Hope*. The Commander receiv'd the Ambassador and Mandarins of his Train, with great Testimonies of respect and sorrow: We conjur'd him to send with all diligence some men with Provisions to the first Ambassador, whom we had left not far from the shore on which we were Shipwrack'd, because we hop'd he was yet alive. He told us, that during the season of Rains, it was impossible to send any, but that as soon as it was over he would not fail to take all imaginable care to seek out the Ambassador, and furnish him with necessary accommodations for his return.

The *Portugals* arriv'd at the Cape before us, having undergone more difficulties than we did.

A *Portugal* Father, of the Order of *St. Augustin* made such a relation of their sufferings, as drew tears from our eyes, but chiefly when he inform'd us of the sad accident that besel the Captain of the Ship. He was a Person of Quality, very rich and courteous; he had been long Captain of a Vessel, and had done great service to the King his Master upon several occasions, in which he had given proofs of his Valour and Fidelity. I cannot call to mind the Name of his House, but I have often heard that few Families were more illustrious in *Portugal*. This Gentleman had carried along with him to the *Indies* his only Son, of the Age of ten or twelve years, either because he was desirous that he should begin to learn his Trade betimes, and accustom himself in his Youth to the Fatigues of the Sea, or that he would not entrust to any other the Education of a Child whom he lov'd better than himself. And indeed, this Lad had all the qualities necessary to make himself belov'd, he was handsome, well educated, and of an excellent Judgment for his Age; but his respect, obedience and tenderness to his Parent, was admirable, and merited a particular Elogy. His Father when he left the Ship, took care himself to convey him safe ashore. During the Journey, he caused his Slaves to carry him, but all his Negro's being either dead by the way, or so feeble that they could hardly draw their legs after them, three days after the *Portugals* left us, the poor Boy became so weak and swoln, that lying down upon a Rock to rest a little, he was not able to rise again, his Legs being so stiff that he could not so much as move them. This sight stab'd
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the Father to the Heart, he assay'd several times to set him upright ; they help'd him to walk a little, thereby to cure him of his numness, but his Legs were no longer able to perform their office, they could do no more but drag him along, and they whom the Father had intreated to assist him in this charitable office being scarce able to sustain themselves, told the Captain freely that they could not carry his Son any longer, unless they resolved to perish with him. The poor man giving himself up to despair, determin'd to carry his Son himself, and endeavour'd to take him upon his Shoulders, but his strength fail'd him, and he could not advance one step further ; he fell down together with his Son, who was more afflicted with his Fathers grief than his own pain : He often conjur'd him to leave him to dye alone, and told him that though they should carry him further, he could not hold out that Night, and that his sorrow and the tears that he shed, were infinitely more grievous to him than all the torments that he endur'd. These words far from perswading the Captain to retire, melted his heart yet more, and made him resolve to dye with his Son : The Child surpriz'd at his Fathers resolution, and seeing he could not perswade him to alter it, turn'd to the other *Portugals*, earnestly beseeching them with expressions that rent his Fathers Heart, to take him away, since his Fathers presence was only a cruel addition to his misery and pains, and that the sight of him would but hasten his Death. A *Franciscan* began to represent to the Captain that he could not in conscience execute his resolution, that he was oblig'd to preserve his own life, and that if

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he died in that condition he would be eternally Damn'd. Afterwards the *Portugals* took him up by force, and carried him some paces out of the sight of his Son, whom they had remov'd a little out of the way. This separation was so sharp and afflicting to the Captain, that he was never able to recover his strength, and his grief was so violent that he died two days after his arrival at the Cape.

We abode near four months at the *Cape of Good Hope*, expecting the coming of some *Dutch* Vessel to carry us to *Batavia*. Most part of the *Portugals* embark'd themselves in Ships bound for *Amsterdam*, from whence they might have passage to their Native Country; the rest went with us aboard a Vessel belonging to the *Dutch* Company, which carried us all to *Batavia*, where every one took what course he pleas'd. As for us, after six months abode in *Batavia*, we set sail for *Siam*, where we arriv'd in the month of *September* 1687. The King our Master receiv'd us with extraordinary goodness and tenderness, he order'd new Garments and Money, to be presented to every one, giving us hopes that he would not be unmindful of us, when any occasion of advancing our Fortunes should offer it self. *Father Tachard's Voyage to the Kingdom of Siam.*

Treasons and Revolutions.

C*hristian* the Second King of *Denmark*, having Levied numerous Troops to recover the Crown of *Sweden* which *John* his Father had lost, he gain'd a Battle in which *Steno* King of *Sweden* was

was slain; he made all the advantage he possibly could of this Victory, and the Death of his Competitor. The Governors of the Provinces came to meet him, and to swear Allegiance to him; *Steno's* best Friends did not think themselves oblig'd to preserve their Fidelity after his Death, and *Stockholm*, the Capital City of the Kingdom, only waited to be Invested before it surrender'd. The Conquerour to cajole the *Swedes*, affected a Behaviour which they ought to have suspected, because it was not natural to him. He shed no other blood but what was lost in the Fight, he granted all the favours that were beg'd of him without distinction or reserve, none were excluded out of the Indemnity that he caus'd to be publish'd, the Offices and Governments were continued to those that were in possession of them, and the only design that the new King seem'd to have, was the re-uniting of the two Factions that divided *Sweden*. After all, he made choice of the first of *November 1520.* for the solemnity of his Coronation, to which all the persons of Quality were invited. The Ceremony was perform'd in *Stockholm*, and the *Swedish* Nobility, notwithstanding their natural aversion to the *Danes*, flock'd thither in so great numbers, that there was not one Man of Note absent.

The first day was spent in the pomp of the Coronation, the second in running at the Ring, the third in Tilting, the fourth in Turnaments within Rails, the fifth in Dancing, the sixth and seventh all sorts of persons were treated at the Kings expence, and the eighth, the last day of the Feast, was destin'd by His Majesty for a magnificent

magnificent Entertainment to the Senators and Officers of the Crown of *Sweden*. The Guests were no sooner assembled to the number of ninety four persons, but the King march'd before them to the principal Church, where Thanksgiving was to be made for his Coronation. Mass was solemnly Sung, and at the Communion the King swore upon the Eucharist to preserve inviolably the Priviledges of the *Swedish* Nation, to forget what was past, to make no Innovations, and to Govern according to the Laws of the Country. Afterwards he call'd the Senators and Grandees of the Kingdom to make a Covenant with them : The King, and after him all the Assembly, laid their hands upon the Pix and Chalice, swearing to each other by all that is most Sacred in Religion, to maintain a sincere and reciprocal Friendship, and devoted themselves to Hell torments if their Words did not proceed from the sincerity of their Heart, professing that they took the Sacrament of the Reconciliation of Men to God, for a pledge of their particular agreement. Each of them according to his Quality receiv'd, viz. The King first, and after him the five principal Officers of State, which are the Droffart, Constable, Chancellor, Admiral and Treasurer ; and so proceeding in order to the youngest Senator who receiv'd last. The Company return'd to the Palace Royal in the same order that they march'd to the Temple, and were seated at a Table, where all their thoughts were employ'd in contriving new Divertisements, when the King arose under pretext of some natural Necessity, and past into a Closer. A moment after was heard a terrible
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Din of *Danish* Soldiers, who seising upon all the Avenues of the Palace, entred violently into the Court, and tumultuously mounting the Stairs, came running furiously with their Swords drawn into the Gallery appointed for the Feast. All the Guests were made prisoners in the Kings Name, and in the same instant the Gates of the Town were shut by his order. The *Danish* Souldiers began then to pillage the Houses of the Burgessees, liberty of plundering being granted to animate them to the executions of the next day.

In the Night a great Scaffold was erected before the Palace Gate, and to begin the Tragedy, the Bishops of *Squargne* and *Stremguem* were brought thither, and there lost their Heads. The rest of the Bishops, the Grandees of the Kingdom, and the Senators, were put to death in the same manner, all but the Grand Prior of the Order of *St. John of Jerusalem*, who for having serv'd his Prince with greater Fidelity than the rest, was Nail'd to a *St. Andrews Cross*; they ript up his Belly, pluck'd out his Heart, and struck him therewith on the face. After they had rank'd the headless Trunks in order, and put the Heads on Pikes planted round about, the signal was given to the Souldiers to cut in pieces the multitude of common people, that were flock'd together to see the Execution. The astonish'd crowd found themselves as it were caught in a Net, for the *Danes* were Masters of the Streets that abutted upon that place, and the Kings Guards attack'd them in the Front, while at the same time those who favour'd the Execution fell upon the Rear; they made a horrible
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and prodigious Butchery. The slaughter'd Bodies lay three days in the same places where they fell, and had lain longer but that they fear'd the Air would be iufected with Peftilential Vapours. This confideration alone oblig'd them to burn thefe mangled Carcaffes in heaps, and the Body of King *Steno* was us'd with no greater refpect. The Guards pofted round *Stockholm*, hinder'd the Neighbouring Provinces from having fpeedy Intelligence of what had paff; and the King of *Denmark* took the opportunity in the mean while to get into his hands five or fix Bifhops, by whom he fear'd to be Excommunicated upon the News of the Death of their Colleagues. He wheedled them in under pretence of advifing with them concerning an affair of great importance, yet no fooner were they enter'd into the place appointed for the conference, but by the Kings order it was fet on fire, and they confumed to Afhes.

What ever precaution the *Danes* could ufe to conceal this Action; it was quickly divulg'd through all *Sweden*; and the four Eftates of the Kingdom, confifting of the Clergy, Nobility, Citizens and Peafants, rofe up together in a manner that hath no parallel in Hiftory, whether Ancient or Modern. The two oppofite Factions that had for fo many Ages laid wafte their Native Country, join'd together in an Union fo perfect, that to this day there hath appeared no mark of their former Divifions. All run to Arms, and fo vigorously purfu'd the King and his *Danes*, that they were constrain'd to abandon *Sweden*, into which *Chriftian* could never return again; and fome years after *Gustavus the Firft* was chofen King. *Chriftian*

Christian continued his Barbarities and Crimes in the Kingdom of *Denmark*. A *Dutch* Widow named *Sigebrit*, was forc'd by poverty to leave her Native Country, and withdrawing into *Norway* with her Daughter *Colombin*, they found means to subsist there by selling Victuals to Seamen that Landed in that place. *Sigebrit* had a Wit proper for the Intrigues of the Court, tho' she was Born, Educated, and had still liv'd among the Dregs of the people, and *Colombin* was a compleat Courtezan. With this last a Knight call'd *Valquendof* fell in Love, who by a youthful Imprudence inform'd his Master of his good Fortune, thinking that the Prince would be as soon cur'd of his passion as himself; but he was deceiv'd in his conjecture, and the enjoyment of *Colombin* inspir'd the King with a Love that he had never before found for any Lady: Not but that he had Married *Isabel of Austria*, Sister of the Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, one of the fairest and most virtuous Princesses of her Age; but as he had Married her only for Interest of State, so he liv'd with her as one Ignorant of the Treasure he possess'd. Thus *Colombin* finding the place void, and her Lovers Heart not yet preingag'd, and employing to the best advantage the Charms of her Beauty, and the Secrets of the Art that she profess'd, made *Christian* love her with an extream passion. After *Colombins* death, which was suspected to have been hasten'd by Poyson, the King fell in love with the Mother of her whom he had lost. It was the cunning *Sigebrit*, who not content to succeed in her Daughters room, extended her power much beyond what her Predecessor had assum'd:

All State-affairs past through her hands, and her resolutions were preferred to those of the Senate. During these Amours, which caus'd murmurings in all the Orders of the Kingdom, the King erected a Scale of Trade at *Copenhagen*. This contributed not a little to his Ruine, for *Lubeck*, and the other *Hanse Towns*, finding themselves thereby prejudic'd, declar'd War against him, and Rig'd out a Fleet that brav'd him, making several descents in *Denmark*, and plundering *Elfenore*. The King at the time of this last action was at *Cronenburg*, where he rais'd near ten thousand men for the relief of this Capital City, that was then threatned by his Enemies.

He form'd a kind of Camp at the Burgh of *Lolberg* adjacent to the Town, and often visited it to encourage his Souldiers. One day going thither accompanied only with *Sigibrit* and a Waiting-Maid of hers, he met on the way a Troop of Strangers, who not knowing him took him for a Bargher of *Copenhagen*, and *Sigebrit* for his Mistress. They immediately resolved to take her from him, and executed it with the less difficulty, because the King seeing himself so unequally match'd, fled towards his Army. The Waiting-Maid did not think her self oblig'd to shew greater courage than he, and *Sigebrit* found her self alone expos'd to the fury of these Brutal persons, who cast her into the *Lake of Schollars* not far from thence. The King arriving at the Camp, tarried no longer than was requisite to cause a Troop of his Cavalry to mount their Horses: He returned to the place where he had left the object of his Love, and finding no body

there, he doubted what had befalln the Unfortunate *Sigebrit*; he approached to the Lake, and as a Lovers eyes are more piercing than those of an indifferent person, he perceived afar off *Sigebrit* in the Water, making her last efforts to disengage her self from the mire which would have quickly suffocated her, but for the timely assistance she had from the King, who considered not a moment whether he should hazard his life to save hers. But *Sigebrit* was only rescued from the Lake to fall into a more threatening danger, and the King by too diligent a care for the alone person, for whom he was sensible of tenderness, almost became the unwilling cause of her ruine. He seized upon the first Coach he could find to convey *Sigebrit* back to *Copenhagen*; this happened to be an open Coach, which no sooner approached to one of the Gates of the City, but *Sigebrit* was known by the Guard there. Unluckily for her it fell out that this Company consisted of the Burghers of *Rochild*, who were particularly incens'd against her for invading the principal Priviledge of their City, which exempted them from all Impositions ordinary and extraordinary, because the Kings of *Denmark* had chosen it for their Burial place.

The sad and lamentable condition in which this Object of pity appear'd, and the report of the misfortune that preceded it, was so far from moving compassion in them, or softening their unrelenting hearts, that they redoubled their hatred against her, mix'd with Indignation, Anger, Fury and Sorrow, for her escape, which transported them to such a height, that without deliberating or consulting together, as
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if they had been inspir'd with the same motion, they discharg'd all at once their Harquebusses against her. But in vain do men attempt to punish the crime for which God has reserv'd to himself to execute Vengeance in another life: *Sigebrit* receiv'd no hurt from so many persons that levell'd their pieces directly against her, and all the Bullets that were thot at her, did either pass through her Hair, or graze upon her Clothes.

But the time was come that the King should feel the punishment of the many crimes that he had committed, which had occasion'd the Revolt of some Provinces; and he depriv'd himself of two Crowns upon a false alarm, a vain report that had no certain Author. He was inform'd that a Rumour was spread through the Town, that his Rebellious Subjects had drawn in the Hanse Towns to their party, and that having fortify'd themselves with so powerful a Confederacy, they had obtain'd a promise of these jealous Republicks to send a Fleet before *Copenhagen*, to cut off the Kings retreat. This was so improbable a piece of News, that the Kings Enemies had not the confidence to vouch it; nevertheless it produced an effect, which in vain they might have expected from their Arms and Plots. The King was so strongly perswaded of the truth of it, that he determin'd to prevent, by a shameful flight, the danger that he believ'd would otherwise inevitably overwhelm him.

One of the principal points of the *Danish* policy, consisted in keeping always in the Port of *Copenhagen* twenty Vessels ready to Sail on all occasions; and Reason, and the History of the Country,

Country, prove manifestly that this precaution is very beneficial to the State, and hath several times sav'd it from imminent Ruine. The King order'd all the valuable things that were in his Palace to be carried on Board these Ships, and caused the rest of the Furniture thereof, which was not worth the while to be Transported, but might nevertheless accommodate a Successor to be destroyed. Afterwards he went to *Cronenburg*, and caused the Treasury to be Ranack'd in his presence, of the Money there reserv'd for extraordinary Exigencies. With these he Loaded the Admiral Ship of his Fleet, forgetting, or at least seeming not to remember that he had Sworn upon the Day of his Coronation, That if ever he touch'd the Publick Treasure without the advice of the Nobility, he thereby consented to his own Deposition.

But he was not only guilty of one kind of Sacrilege, for he spoil'd the Churches of *Copenhagen* of their fairest Ornaments. Nevertheless, neglecting his Honour, Oath, Interest and Conscience, he did not neglect his Infamous Concubine, though he was but too well convinc'd that she was the fatal source of all his Miseries, and it ought not to be esteem'd the least of his Misfortunes that he preserv'd an entire favour for that Monster of Unchastity, for whom he had lost in all other things. He knew there was not one of his Servants who did not mortally hate her, and that if he entrusted them with the care of her person, they would throw her into the Sea, and pretend that she had dyed either through fear or by chance. If he carried her along with him, he could not always keep his

eye upon her, and every moment that he lost sight of her, he run a hazard never to see her again. Should he send her on Board before him, she would be expos'd to the indiscreet fury of the first Mariner, who beholding this fatal cause of the Civil War, might be so brutal as to lose all the respect that he ow'd to the Royal Majesty of her Lover. The King to avoid so many inconveniences, represented to her, in a few words, the imminent danger that threatned her, and led her into a Chamber where were several Baskets and Trunks for carriage of Provisions: He perswaded her to enter into one which he judged most capable to contain her; he shut her up in it so speedily, that those who came to carry it away perceived nothing of the Stratagem. The King himself embark'd first, and order'd that Trunk to be brought into his Chamber. In the mean time there happened a pleasant passage, for without a lye he satisfy'd the curiosity of those, who seeing him expect the coming of that Chest with so much Impatience, ask'd the reason of his so eager earnestness: *There is something in it*, said he, *that I have reserv'd for my own private use.*

This Unhappy Prince set Sail with his Wife and Children on the 20th. of April 1523. He had no sooner lost sight of the shore of Copenhagen, but he was assaulted by a Tempest equally extraordinary in its fury, and unparallel'd in its duration: It never slacken'd for the space of three Weeks, and the Fleet was quite broken and dispers'd. The King was Shipwrack'd on the Coast of Norway, and of all his Ships he had only one Skiff left, in which he was constrain'd

to put to Sea again, with the Queen, the Prince, and the two Princesses of *Denmark*. Hunger doth not respect Crown'd Head, and only spared the King of *Denmark*, because he was reserv'd to longer, and incomparably more grievous punishments than all the industry of studied malice could have inflicted upon him. It is not known what became of his miserable Harlot, the silence of the *Danish* Historians cannot be excused in this respect, and seeing they speak no more of her in the History of the remaining part of *Christian* the Second's Life, than if she had never been in the World, we may probably presume that she died in the Admirals Ship before the King sav'd himself in the Shallop: A favourable Gale of Wind, when he expected it least, set him ashore at the Port *de la Vere* in *Zeland*. We believe nothing so easily as the return of Good Fortune, and the King was perswaded of it when he saw himself in the Dominions of the Emperor *Charles* the Seventh, his Brother-in-Law: But all the Troops and Vessels which that potent Monarch gave him, and all the efforts that he made to remount his Throne, were to no purpose, and never was he able to chase from thence *Frederick* Duke of *Holstein*, his Uncle, whom the *Danes* had receiv'd for their King; he was even reduc'd to so forlorn a condition, that he knew not where to find a Sanctuary, when *Canut* of *Guldestein* Bishop of *Ollion*, who had ever maintain'd a secret correspondence with him, assur'd him that he needed only to appear in Person, and that his presence alone would produce the effect that he had in vain hop'd for from the assistance of a Forreign Power.

He added that His Majesty might lye concealed in his Episcopal Palace, till the Faction that he manag'd in his Favour was strong enough to pull off their Vizards. The Prelates advice was follow'd, and the King went thither Disguis'd like a Merchant, but was discover'd and imprison'd in the Fort of *Sundeburg*, whence he came not out but to change it for another in *Cronenburg*. He liv'd thirty five years in Exile and these two Prisons, and did not find till the Age of seventy seven years the Death that he had so often desired. *Annals of Denmark.*

The Faithful Subjects.

U*Sanguy* General of the *Chinois* Army which Guarded the Frontiers of that vast Empire against the Irruptions of the *Tartars*, lay Encamp'd by a City upon the Confines, to observe the Enemies motions. *Licon* who had De-thron'd the Emperor *Zunchin* in the year 1636. and Usurp'd the Kingdom, determin'd to attack this brave Captain (who would not acknowledge him for his Lord) with an Army of two hundred thousand men ; but before he had recourse to force, he was willing to see the event of a *Stragem*. Amongst the *Grande*es of the Empire, whom the chance of War had contrain'd to submit to his Unjust Scepter, there was an Old man Named *Uz*, *Usanguys* Father : The Usurper going to make War upon the Son, commanded the Father to follow him, and there was no other remedy for a man of that Character but Obedience. *Uz* was forc'd to comply, and followed the Army, not knowing what use his new Master

Ma^rter design'd to make of him; but he was
b^ut inform'd when he came before the place
whither his brave Son had retir'd to put a stop
to the Tyrants progress, not being strong enough
to keep the Field. The Father was the first En-
gine that was made use of to batter the Sons
Constancy. The Barbarous Usurper brought the
Old man before the Walls of the City, and ad-
vertis'd his Son that he was come thither on pur-
pose to speak with him: They were no sooner
in sight of one another, but the General receiv'd
a Message from the Tyrant, that the only way
to save his Fathers Life was to yield to the Con-
queror. Never was a Generous Soul so rudely
agitated with differing passions, or more furi-
ously attack'd with violent tentations, then was
that of the astonish'd *Usanguer*, finding himself
distracted between his Father and Country, and
in a sad necessity to Sacrifice the one or the other,
and to shed his Fathers Blood if he would Re-
venge that of his Prince. His love to Glory
was powerfully resisted by Natural affection,
but after a short struggling obtain'd the Victory;
for taking counsel only with his Virtue, he cast
himself upon his Knees, and with Eyes full of
Tears, and an Air which was an undeniable
proof of the Sincerity of his Heart, that it was
with an unconceiveable Sorrow that he was
forc'd to see him to whom he ow'd his life lose
it, to save his Country, but that this was his first
and chief Dury; and after all, it was better
that one of them should finish his Days by an
Honourable Death, than that both should live
in Infamy and Reproach. If the Sons Courage
appear'd great on this occasion the Fathers was

admirable, for instead of complaining of his Son, he only lamented his own ill Fortune, and praising *Usanguays* Fidelity ; he yielded himself to the Tyrants Barbarity, suffering Death with a Resolution more worthy of a Roman Courage than of a Chinese Effeminacy. *History of the two Conquerors of China.*

The Furious Tempest.

SULTAN Ibrahim, Emperor of the *Turks*, order'd two Gallies to carry *Peter Foscarini* as far as *Negropont*, in his return to *Venice*, from whence he came as Ambassador Extraordinary, to Congratulate with the Sultan upon his Accession to the Empire. The Ambassador embark'd at the Port of *Constantinople* on the 10th. day of May 1641. in a Galley commanded by an old Officer of the Grand Signiors Naval Army, call'd *Kara Kodgia*, in which I also was with his Children and some Gentlemen. In three days we made the *Dardanels*, and Anchor'd on the *Asian* side, where next day our Captains spent some time in consulting, whether in their intended course to *Lemnos* they should pass behind *Tenedos*, or between that Island and the Coast of *Troas*. The first course is shortest, but most dangerous for Gallies, because they are oblig'd to cross a Gulf which stretcheth out in length a hundred miles, and is by them call'd the Gulf of *Magaris* and *Cassander*. This was nevertheless, the way that they resolv'd to take, believing that a little fresh Gale, which we had in our Poop, would speedily drive us to *Lemnos*, with the assistance of the brawny Arms of the Galley-Slaves. Day did

not yet appear, when we hoisted Sail with the most favourable Wind that Heaven could lend or we desire; but about Nine a Clock, on a sudden the Air was darken'd, and a cold shower falling at the same time, it seem'd as if all the Winds had conspired against us.

The Pilot crying out amain, commanded them to furl the Sails, but all to no purpose, the confus'd noise of Voices and whistling of the Winds hinder'd the Mariners from hearing and obeying him. He call'd upon some to help him to Govern the Helm, and others stood to observe the motions of the Waves, and according as they saw them coming, cry'd incessantly *Orsa*, or *Podgia*, which are Sea Terms, signifying *Steer to the right or to the left*; which he did very dextrously to break the force of the rolling Surges. Mean while we who had no other imploy but fear and terror, express'd the various motions that we felt within us. The Ambassador in terms full of tenderness that would have softned the most flinty Hearts, accus'd himself as the cause of our Ruine. He bemoaned the tender Age of his Children, and the Youth of the rest of the Gentlemen, as if he had been guilty of their Deaths. Some made Vows, others curs'd the occasion that had engag'd them in this Voyage; and amongst the rest there was a Noble *Venetian* of the Family of the *Cornaro's*, between eighteen and twenty years of Age, who freely and seriously offer'd 50000 Ducats to any that would save his life. One might make a long Litany of the Saints that were invok'd; and most certain it is, That he that would learn to pray must go to Sea.

Whilst we were thus busied the Tempest increas'd, and the Captain of the Galley sent to ask us whether we would come above Deck, or stay below, because he was oblig'd to close all the Port-holes, that the Water might not enter into the Ship. There were only two that resolv'd to dye without going to see their Graves. For my part, I plac'd my self in the Stern among the rest, agitated with hope and fear according as I heard our Captain and the Mariners talk to one another, who resisted the Tempest with incredible courage. But this continued not long, and the knowledge of their Language that sometimes gave me some comfort, did quickly quash all my hopes, and throw me into a violent despair, when I heard the Captain say aloud, That in the space of forty years, wherein he had commanded that Vessel, he had never seen such a Storm, and that the fury of the Winds increased so vehemently, that all we had hitherto felt were nothing but gentle breezes, in comparison of the horrible Gulls that were ready to overwhelm us. It was not enough that they had struck Sail, they were forc'd to take down the Sail-yards, and when he saw that one Wave had broke ten or twelve Oars, he commanded the Rowers to forsake those that remain'd, and all the Crew plac'd themselves on the Coursey of the Galley.

Till then the noise of the Slaves and Mariners had hinder'd us from being fully sensible of the Tempest, but when it became the only object of our Eyes and Ears, all having left off their useless labour, and ceasing to resist the irresistible Storm, Good God! what a Spectacle did we behold! The very remembrance of it makes me

quake when I think on it. The furious whistling of the Winds, the mountains of foamy Billows tumbling in heaps, and threatening every moment to Bury us in the bottom of the dreadful Abyſs, the noiſe of the Cables and Tackling, the cracking of the Galley, the mournful shrieking, and confuſed cries of ſo many perſons, every one in his own Tongue imploring the Aid of Heaven, when the roaring Surges advanc'd to overwhelm us, are things that cauſe motions which are not eaſily expreſs'd. We wholly abandon'd our ſelves to deſpair, all but two or three, that ſtill kept by the Helm, and the Captain who reſiſted the Tempeſt a great while.

He now caus'd the Throats of two Sheep to be cut, and caſt them into the Sea, one on each ſide of the Veſſel, to appeaſe the Angry Heavens, and obtain their aſſiſtance by this Sacrifice. He not only made them throw Clothes and Baggage over-board, but reſolv'd alſo to diſburthen the Galley of part of the Company, and would have decimated the Slaves, if the *Kodgia* that was with him, had not repreſented unto him that it was but folly to continue longer obſtinate, in reſiſting the Decrees of Fate, and Laws of Providence, which muſt neceſſarily be obey'd, and that to perſiſt in this vain oppoſition would offend God, and incenſe him more againſt us. The Captain yielding to the perſuaſions of the *Kodgia*, commanded the Pilot and his companions to leave the Helm, and abandon the Galley to the fury of the Storm, and reſigning himſelf to a certain Shipwrack and Death, ſate down upon his Ankles by the *Kodgia*. In that poſture, joining their Hands before their Eyes, and ſha-

king their Heads over their Knees, they mumbled out certain Prayers, in which they often, with fervent aspirations, pronounc'd the Name of God. If we had been capable of feeling new sorrows, this last resolution of these men would have certainly touched us, but it made no impression on our Souls, for we were become altogether insensible, and so hardened with the continuation of fear and danger, that we calmly beheld the Death-threatning Waves approaching, and without being mov'd, look'd upon our foamy Grave, as if we had been already Buried in it. And it may be said, that the continuation of a danger which is believ'd to be inevitable, doth often cause a sort of firmness of Mind which may be call'd Courage, but is at the bottom only a pure insensibility. But whilst none of us thought either of escaping or perishing, our Gallies without Sails or Oars, driven only by the violence of the stormy Gulfs and rolling Waves, running four and twenty miles in an hour, approach'd to near to *Lemnos*, that three men who had not abandon'd the Helm, notwithstanding of the Captains orders, began to entertain some hopes of a possibility of an escape. Immediately they shouted out with a tone full of terror and boldness together, *Courage, Courage*; but do you think that their crying could rouse our spirits out of that Lethargick Extasie, in which they lay in a manner Entranc'd? Not at all, for we had so far lost all our Senses, and our Hearts were benumb'd with such a stupifying dullness, that one of them was forc'd to juggle the Captain very rudely before he answer'd him, who seem'd by anticipation to taste the slumbering sweets of the

Death to which he had resign'd himself. They had great difficulty to make him take away his Hands from before his Eyes, and much more to make him rise up and command the Mariners to their respective Duties. All the company began now to breathe a little, and when we saw our selves near Land, although there was but too much Sea between us and it to swallow us up; there was not one of us that did not stand ready to leap ashore, and think himself already past all danger. We arriv'd at *Lemnos*, now call'd *Stalimene*, in a Bay where we were indeed safe from the Waves of the Sea, but the Mariners fearing that the violence of the Winds which still continu'd, would dash our Gallies against the Rocks, cast the Sacred Anchor of the Ancients, vvhich the *Venetians* call Hope. The Night past over in these apprehensions, and next morning vve steer'd to a better Harbour, vvhether we had no sooner cast Anchor, but vve went ashore to compose our Spirits, that vvhere as yet disturb'd and affrighted vvith the Horror of this unparallel'd Tempest. *Du Loir's Travels.*

The Amours of Count Vesselini.

COUNT *Vesselini* commanded some Troops for the Emperor *Ferdinand* the Third, in *Hungary*, and was Governor of the Forts in the Neighbourhood of *Muran*. That place, the Theatre of the Counts Glory and Loves Power, belong'd to *George Rakoczi* Prince of *Transylvania*, who at that time Warr'd with the Emperor. Some good Genius still drew the Count towards *Muran*, though indeed he did not think himself strong

enough to form any design to surprize it. One time amongst the rest, he lay all Night in an adjoining Hamlet, and found himself awaken'd by the Voice of a tall great Old man, who laying his Hand on his Breast, said unto him, *General Vessellini, think seriously upon the Conquest of Muran, know that thou mayest take it by the assistance of a Widow that liveth at present in the City.* As soon as this Phantom disappear'd, he started up astonish'd, and the noise that he made awak'd some Officers who lay in the Chamber; they search'd all the Room but found nothing. In the mean time the Words of that old *Morpheus* stuck continually in his mind, his Imagination admitted no other Idea than that of the Old man pointing to *Muran*; and this was the Subject of all his Dreams. It was only then that the Attempt appear'd easie unto him, but in the day time he retracted all the Resolutions he had taken up during his Sleep, and confess'd that *Muran* was Impregnable; yet the remembrance of the Widow returneth to torment him with new Inquierudes, he Loves her though he hath never seen her, and knows neither her Person, Quality, or Age.

This affliction continuing to disquiet him for several days, he block'd up the passages into *Muran* so carefully, that he made himself Master of a considerable number of Prisoners; he was inspir'd to examine one among the rest, who told him that he was Domestick Servant to *Mary Seefxi*, Widow of *Stephen Bethlem*, Brother to *Bethlem Gabor* Prince of *Transylvania*. This Name astonish'd him as soon as it was pronounc'd, and he assur'd himself that this was the

Willow he lov'd ; a secret Joy inspir'd him with Hope : He caress'd that Man, and made him a present of one hundred Crowns, and gain'd him so absolutely, that he promis'd to deliver his Mistress a Letter which the Count instantly wrote. The Importance of the place oblig'd the Governour to extraordinary precautions, so that it was necessary to hide this Letter very carefully lest it should be discover'd, the custom being to search all that enter'd the Town. For this reason the Count bethought himself of a Stratagem, he made up the Letter into a little Ball, which he cover'd over with Wax, and because it was the Season of Fruits, he put it into a Melon, in the bottom of a Basket full of other Melons, which this Servant carried to the Castle of *Muran*, as if he had brought them from one of his Mistresses Country Houses. To take away all suspicion, he gave some of them to the *Corps du Guard*, he carried others for a present to some Ladies Relations of *Mary Secski*, and then all over trembling, went to present the rest to her self, and told her in a low Voice, That in one of these Melons was enclos'd a Letter from General *Vessellini*.

That Name which ought to have astonish'd, did not at all surprize her, although she had never seen, nor heard of him, but as the Enemy of her Prince. She knew not that he was a Widower, nor of what Age he was, yet as if Love had in a moment render'd her a Complice of his Design, she was well pleas'd with the Letter, she enjoin'd the Man silence, and enter'd into her Closet to satisfy her curiosity : Scarce had read it over, when she found her Fidelity.

to her Prince betray'd by favourable Inclinations to *Vessellini*, and a little after dispatch'd one of her Gentlemen, whose Fidelity she had prov'd, with an Answer. This Messenger was very welcome, the Count caress'd him extreamly, and as Presents have a particular Charm in that Country, he gave him two hundred Crowns, with a promise of as much more, if he would Negotiate an Enterview between his Mistress and him. The Affair succeeded according to his desire, *Mary Secxi* appointed him to come with seven Followers, at most, to a Wood near a small Brook that waieth the foot of the Hill of *Muran*, where she would be, under pretence of taking the Divertisement of Fishing, with an equal number of Attendants. He was first upon the place with six Gentlemen only, and would not prefer the Counsels of Reason to those of Love, to which he had abandon'd himself; or rather, the force of his Destiny drew him thither, and promis'd him security in the midst of so many Dangers.

The Count left the Thicket into which he had retir'd, at the arrival of the Lady, nor did they look upon each other with the ordinary astonishment of those that have never before seen one another; he spread his Cloak on the Grass, and they sat down, and made a sign to their Followers to retire. He related to her how by Inspiration he was mov'd to demand this Enterview, without having the Honour to know her; and told her, that after such happy success in his first design, he presum'd to flatter himself with hopes of her assistance in the execution of that design which he had upon *Muran*. She answer'd

that this would be a Breach of her Duty to *Rakoci*, and that though she were willing to become unfaithful to him, she could only be so in her Mind, *Muran* being impregnable, not only by its Situation, but also by the Diligence and Strength of the Garrison, which was compos'd of six hundred chosen men, drawn out of the best Troops of *Transylvania*. The Count persisted in imploring her assistance, and his Eloquence did not fail him on this occasion, to persuade her that their Marriage was Decreed in Heaven, which would be favourable to them both in this Enterprize; that he aspir'd to no other Honour than that of being hers, and that she would gain Immortal Glory, when *Muran* Conquer'd by her Aid should become the pledge of their Love, and the Scene of the most famous Marriage that ever *Hungary* beheld.

Not one of these words fell to the ground; *Mary Secsxi* could not deny to admit into *Muran* that Love which had already storm'd her Heart. In fine, the Count proposing to Scale the Walls in a certain place, she promis'd to act so that he should find no Sentinels in his passage, and to furnish him with a Ladder.

The Day appointed for the Scajado was the third of *August* 1644. both of them swearing Fidelity, and all possible Diligence. The day being come, *Vessellini* detaching five hundred men, made eighty of them swear not to abandon him. At Night he march'd at the head of these towards the Castle, and commanded the rest to follow at a distance. His Guide led him through a longer and more perilous way than he expected, for he made him pass through a Village where they

kept Watch, the Sentinel stopt him, and presented his Carbine to his Breast, crying out amain, and he as low as he could, endeavour'd to persuade him that he was a Friend, and had a design upon some of the Enemies Troops; at length he appeas'd him, deceiv'd him, and escap'd, but it was only to fall from *Scylla* into *Charybdis*, for after this, descending into another Village, he was suddenly assaulted by the Rabble. This Misfortune had near made him lose all Hope, and had almost contented himself with Sacking that Hamlet, instead of pursuing his intended Exploit. Nevertheless, his Courage and Anger yielded to Prudence, he retir'd, and to make the sum of his Miseries compleat, he wander'd so far in a Garden between the Mountains, that he remain'd a great while as lost, his Guide taking another way. Might he not then have judg'd that he was betray'd? And would he not have dy'd desperate in such a conjuncture? Yet he still sought a passage out of this Labyrinth. At length, thinking he had discover'd a Grot, he perceiv'd the shadow of a Man, and running thither with his Pistol in his Hand, he knew him to be one of his Souldiers that was come in quest of him, and to inform him that his Troops were rallied in the first Village through which he had pass'd. Departing from this wild place, he went to them in that Village, where the freeness of their behaviour had made them be kindly entertain'd by the Inhabitants, who judg'd them to be their Friends. They departed all together to seek out a place where they might ascend the Rock: They were already mounting it, when they heard the noise of the Guns of *Moran*. Then

it was that the boldest of them began to quake, and he vvas conjur'd by them all to give over a discover'd Attempt; he intreated them to leave him, and suffer him rather to perish, than to constrain him to preserve a wretched Life, and perswaded them, contrary to his ovvn Judgment, that they vvere not discover'd, and that some other reason occasion'd the firing of the Guns. Yet true it vvas, for this vvas the Signal of Retreat for the Neighbouring Villages, and it was for a Bravado that they had discharg'd more than one. In the mean while the Generous *Mary Secski* suffer'd strange inquietudes, in expectation of the Count; she had a great while before shut up the Sentinels, under pretext of making them Drink, and also had staid the Serjeant who should have mounted the Guard, under colour of engaging him to play with her Women. She walk'd along the Walls with a great deal of Impatience, endeavouring to discover *Vessellini*, that she might throw down a Ladder to him, and fearing that he had taken the Alarm, she dispatch'd him whom she had sent to him orce before, to assure him of the facility that he would find in the Execution of his Design. This Man descrying some already advanc'd, made a sign to them with his Handkerchief, which two or three of them perceiving were frighten'd. The Count advanc'd to know what made them recoil, they told him what they had seen; he run up with his Pistol in his Hand, the other knew him, and guided him to the place by which he was to ascend before he could come at the Wall. It was a very high and craggy Rock, The Count scrambled up one half of

it without difficulty, but on a sudden he felt himself fatigu'd, breathless, and unable to proceed; his Men reliev'd him, and drew him up to the top of the Hill and foot of the Wall. It was not long before the Lady arriv'd: She cast down the Ladder; twenty of the Imperial Souldiers mounted, the Count follow'd, and after him the sixty others only, the rest having Orders to March to the Gates of the Castle, and there to wait till it should be open'd. *Mary Secsxi* dispers'd the Souldiers in the Chambers of her apartment; she went to Bed on purpose to remove all suspicion, and sent to pray the Governour to come to see her, pretending that she had an Advice of Importance to communicate to him. He was no sooner enter'd but they seiz'd upon him; they led him to a remote Chamber, and set Guards about him. The other Officers of the Garrison were in like manner secur'd. *Vessellini* sent to surprize the *Corps du Guard*; and in fine, made himself Master of the place. After he had given necessary Orders to secure his Conquest, and provided for all that the Service of the Emperour his Master requir'd, he came next to acquit himself of his Duty to his Mistress and to Love, and Married the Heroine *Mary Secsxi*. The Emperor confirm'd to the Count the possession of *Muran*, and erected it into a free County for him and his Heirs for ever. *Le Laboureur's Voyage of Poland.*

*The Adventures of some French-men in the
Islands of Antilles.*

THreescore and six of the Inhabitants of St. *Christophers* Island, departed thence in the month of *September* 1647. to settle a Colony in the Isle of *Virgins*. The *Spaniards* who Inhabited the Isle of St. *John Portrico*, near to that of the *Virgins*, having Advice that the *French* were arriv'd there, Rigg'd out five Men of War, which casting Anchor, Man'd their five Shallops with Souldiers, and drew towards the place where the *French* were, who having perceiv'd them, run to their Arms, and resolv'd to fight it out to the last extremity. Their Boats Crew, to the number of fifteen men, join'd them, and all together they valiantly made head against the *Spaniards*, whose number alone was able to overwhelm them. The Governor of *Dominica*, who commanded the Assailants, receiv'd a Mortal Wound, of which he died shortly after his return to that Island. The *French* fought like desperate men, and kill'd so great a number of the *Spaniards*, that they forc'd them to retire to their Shallops, where they took counsel together, and then return'd to renew their charge, and courageously assaulted the *French* with Lances, Sagays and Fire-Arms. The shock was furious, three of the *French* lost their Lives, and five were Wounded, to whom the *Spaniards* gave good Quàrter. The rest seeing their strength so inferior to that of the Enemies, abandon'd the Field of Battle, and retir'd to the Mountains, from whence they descended

not till they had seen the *Spaniards* under Sail, who before their departure set the Tents on fire, and rifled all that belong'd to the *French*, so that they remain'd in the Isle without Beds, Tents, or Tools to Work with, and led a very miserable Life for the space of three or four months. Many died for want, and the rest saw themselves in danger of perishing in the like misery, when five of the most daring of them resolv'd to expose themselves to all sorts of perils, rather than remain in this Isle.

They made a *Pyper* or Canoa, in which they determin'd to adventure to Sea, to seek out for some Island Inhabited by Christians, of whatsoever Nation they might be; and one of them having happily found an Axe on the Trunk of an *Acamas* Tree, they made choice of the Wood of the *Mahor* and *Trumper* Tree, which are the lightest in that Country, and labour'd with so great diligence, that in three days they join'd together some pieces of Wood, and instead of Mortise and Nails, they made use of great and strong cords, and so fitted out their *Pyper*. It was eleven foot wide and fourteen long, and that it might cut the Water more nimbly they made it sharp pointed, and in the middle of it placed a Mast fifteen foot high. Two of the five strip'd themselves to make Sails of their Shirts, and having unript them, they tied them together with great points of *Mahor* Bark, and fasten'd to them two Sheets of the same Bark, to Sail near the Wind, or put out to the Main as they should see occasion. Our five Adventurers having bid adieu to them that remain'd in the Isle, rather with abundance of Tears than Words, thrust their *Pyper* into the Water, where they seated themselves two in the Poop, two in the

the Prow, and one in the middle. The two that were in the Poop held an Oar in form of a Rudder, to conduct them whither soever Divine Providence should lead them ; the three others held each of them an Oar in form of a Battle-Door, and rowing after the manner of the Savages ; that is to say, before them. They arriv'd extreamly fatigu'd at a little Isle call'd *Virgine Gonarda*, where Landing, with their Match which they carefully kept burning in their Pyperi, they made a Fire upon a Bank of Sand, to boil some Periwinkles and Cray-fishes that they found there. Our afflicted Navigators leaving this Isle by force of Rowing, gain'd that of *St. Thomas*, where finding what refreshment they wanted, as Oranges, Citrons, Lemons, Gouyans, Bananas, and Figs, they abode there five days. From the Isle of *St. Thomas* they continu'd their course to the Southern Coast of *Portrico*, where they went ashore upon a great Bank of Land. After they had march'd about two hours within the Isle, they knew by the great store of Beeves, Cows and Hogs, which were Wild, that it was the Isle of *St. John Portrico*.

They return'd to their Pyperi, which they trim'd anew, to fetch up another little Island to the Windward of *Portrico* and distant from thence about two Leagues ; they Row'd three days without being able to get near the shore, because the Tide still bore to the Main Land, but after great toil they gain'd at last a little bank of white Sand, where Landing they happily found two Wells dig'd there by Mariners ; the water of which was very good. Here they also found Ring-Doves, Hens, and other Fowls, in so great abundance, and so tame, that they kill'd them upon the Trees with great Poles towards Night.

All these supplies, together with the footsteps of men that they observ'd, made them believe that this place was frequented by some Fisher-Boats, and that certainly it would not be long before some of them arriv'd, in which they might obtain passage to some Christian Land. For this Reason they erected a little Tent, in which they abode near three months, walking every day round the Island, which is in circuit but two Leagues, without seeing any person on Land, or Ship in the Sea, from whence they might hope for Succour. In fine, on *Sunday* morning as they were saying their usual Prayers, perceiving a Bark, which coming from the North, Coasted the Isle, they made a Sign to it with a Linnen Cloth fastned to the top of a long stick, and the Captain mov'd by their reiterated cries, commanded to furl the Main-sail, and strike the Top-sail, and bear straight to Land. Seeing but five Naked men without Arms, he sent five Mariners towards them in his Boat, amongst whom was a *Walloon*, who knowing by their Language that they were *French* cast by Shipwreck, or some other accident, upon the Coast of that Isle, they charitably receiv'd them into their Boat, and brought them to the Bark. By means of this *Walloon* Interpreter, they rehears'd unto the Governour the dreadful miseries they had endur'd. So pitiful a recital touch'd him so sensibly, that he gave them Shirts and Drawers, furnish'd them with Bread, Wine, and Aqua-vitæ, and promis'd that within fifteen days, his Fishing being ended, he would return and take them along with him to *St. John de Portrico*. He perform'd his promise, and to preserve the memory

of so strange an Adventure, he caus'd their Pyperi to be made fast to the Prow of his Bark, that he might shew it to *Don Francisco Maldonado*, Governour of *Portrico* for his Catholick Majesty. Having left the Island four or five Leagues behind them, the *Spanish* Pilot looking from the Poop towards the Isle of *Virgins*, descri'd a League off somewhat in the Sea, moving upon a piece of Wood, but the too great distance hindering him from discerning what it was, as they approach'd nearer he perceiv'd that it was Men floating upon a Pyperi, like to that which was fasten'd to the Prow of the Bark. They were six men, the remainder of those that staid in the Isle of *Virgins*, who had built a Pyperi to carry them thence. These poor *French-men* knowing their Comrades, beseech'd the Captain to save their Lives as he had done theirs; he took them into the Ship, carry'd them to *Portrico*, and presented them all to the Governour, who receiv'd them courteously, and order'd a Garment to be given to each of them, making the Town their Prison, with Liberty to earn their Bread therein. They had no difficulty to subsist here, every one look'd upon them as extraordinary persons, and at first contended who should be most liberal to them. Those that were skill'd in any Trade ply'd the same; and one of them that could play exquisitely well on the Violin, gain'd enough alone to assist the rest. When they had gather'd a Sum of Money sufficient to pay for their passage into *Europe*, they all embark'd in *Spanish* Vessels, save one that Married in the Isle, and return'd to their Native Country. *History of the Antilles.*

The Brave Hollander.

IN the month of *September* 1641. five Gallies and two Brigantines, commanded by *Aly Pegelin*, General of the *Algerine* Gallies, descry'd a *Dutch* Ship that carry'd twenty eight Guns and forty Men : The Weather was very calm, so that the *Hollander* could make no advantage of his Sails. *Pegelin* caus'd the Gallies to advance within Cannon-shot of the Ship, and seeing that it bore *Dutch* Colours, he sent a *Zelander* Renegado in one of the Brigantines, who deliver'd the following Message to the Captain : General *Pegelin* hath sent me to advertise you, that if you will yield, he will set you ashore in some *Christian* Land ; and this he hath Sworn to perform by the Head of *Mahomet*. I know *Pegelin*, answer'd the Captain, who had been a Slave formerly : The Ship belongeth to the Owners, and the Goods to the Merchants : I cannot give away that which is none of my own, but if he doth covet it so much, let him come aboard, and he shall see whether we can satisfie him. The Renegade return'd with this Answer, which Incens'd *Pegelin* to such a degree, that he gave Orders to the Gallies to rank themselves in form of a Half-Moon, and in that order to come up with the Poop of the Ship, and to discharge their Guns all together, and to batter her crosswise. Their pieces were forty eight Pounders. His Orders were Executed, but as they were ready to Fire the Guns, the *Hollander* who was a skilful and experienc'd Seaman, by the help of a small Gale that God sent him, without losing time turned about his Ship. By

this means he put the Enemies into confusion, and broke all their measures: For the five Gallies coming with full Sails, and hasten'd forwards by the utmost endeavours of the Rowers, instead of surrounding the Ship in form of a Half-Moon, as they design'd, they found themselves pell-mell dashing and breaking upon one another. Nevertheless, *Pegelins* Galley boarded the Ship, and seventy *Turks* entring it with their Scimitars in their Hands, begun to cut the Cables, and throw Fire-works to burn the Ship; but the *Dutch* Captain, who had all his Men under Deck, made them Fire both from Poop and Prow some Guns charg'd with Musket-Bullets, which kill'd abundance of the *Turks*.

In the mean while the Galley that had boarded the Ship durst stay no longer in so hot a place, because the Vessel being deep Loaden, the Mouths of the Guns lay so low, that they just flank'd the Deck of the Galley; which *Pegelin* seeing, he commanded the Gallies to retreat. The *Turks* who at the beginning of the Fight enter'd the Ship, were much astonish'd to see the Gallies abandon them, and leave them to the Mercy of their Enemies, and losing all Courage, they that could swim threw themselves into the Sea, and the Wounded, and they that could not swim, remain'd idle Spectators of the Fight. The *Dutch* Captain caus'd his Men to discharge the Guns charg'd with Nails, Musket-Bullets, and pieces of Iron, and in less than a Quarter of an hour more than two hundred *Turks* were kill'd in the Gallies, who retir'd without seeing an Enemy. The *Hollander* finding himself out of the reach of their Cannon, commanded to

kill all the *Turks* that were left in the Ship, who during the Fight had sav'd themselves on the Ropes, for it was too hot staying on the Deck. Then did the Captain with his Men come up above Deck, and fir'd upon the *Turks* as if they had been so many Poppingays. This was a Recreation for the *Dutch*, but a Tragedy for the *Turks*, who had two Captains kill'd, and the Bassa of *Tripolies* Lieutenapt was mortally Wounded. These Galleys that came out a few days before, and were a Terror to all the *Mediterranean* Sea, return'd thus rudely handled to the Port of *Algiers*. *Hist. of the Captivity of Emanuel d'Aranda.*

The Memorable, but Unhappy Retreat.

S*tanislaus Zolkierius*, a Person of an eminent Extraction, dedicated himself to Arms so soon as he was well able to wield them, making his first Campaign under that Great Chancellor and Captain of *Poland*, *John Zamoyski*, who at the famous Battel of *Byezin*, which decided the contest between *Sigismund* and *Maximilian* concerning that Crown in favour of the former, had the Honour to command the Right Wing of *Zamoyskies* Army, to the defeating of that Enemy which oppos'd him; in which Encounter he received a dangerous Wound in the Knee. His conduct in this Ingagement, soon after advanced him to be Lieutenant-General of *Poland*; during which command, he was imployed against the *Rebellious Cossacks*, whom after many doubtful Fights, he reduc'd to his own Terms: Of delivering up their General, a common Souldier,

but of great Conduct, with three other principal Officers, into his Hands. He defeated the *Swedes* at *Revel*, and afterward being made General, he beat the *Russians* at *Clusinum*, entred *Musko*, forced *Demetrius* to quit his Siege, and led away the Emperour *Zuiski*, and his two Brothers, Captives into *Poland*.

Being seventy years of Age, he was created Great Chancellor of *Poland*: He repressed the *Tartars* in their Invasion at *Orimen*, and soon after marched with his Army into *Moldavia*, to the Aid of *Gratian* the Vayvod, against the *Turks*, who so extreemly oppressed him, that he came in to *Zolkierius* with but six hundred Horse, and so fatally negligent, that he could give no account of the Enemies number or force, even in his own Country; so that the General had no certainty till he saw them cover the surrounding Fields with their numerous Hosts. He himself had Incamped upon the Plains of *Cicora*, determining in that place to attend their motions.

This was in *September 1620*. The *Tartars* who had joined with the *Turks* upon this occasion, having taken some Christian Prisoners, gained from them an Account of their Strength, which did not exceed Ten Thousand effective Men; whereupon they drew up within view of them, with an Army double their number, led by their Commander *Cantimer Munsa*. A few hours after they were followed by *Skinder Bassa*, General of the *Turkish* Army, who pitch'd their Tents near those of the Confederates, and likewise in sight of the Christians.

The *Poles* contained themselves within their

Trenches till a Squadron of *Cossacks*, who had the Out-guard, Encountred that of the *Tartars*; whom after a smart dispute, they forced to a Retreat, but being relieved by their own Men, they turned upon the *Christians*, pursuing them up to their very Trenches, where they also being seasonably reinforced, opposed the prevailing Enemy with so great Success, that having killed a great number, they chased them into their main Body, but giving no Quarter, did consequently take no Prisoners, and so made no discovery of the Enemies strength, insomuch that *Zolkierius* making his computation by what appeared in view, and finding his Army chearful upon the Success of that days Action, resolved to put all upon the Fortune of a Battel. That Night there came to the *Turkish* Camp Sultan *Galga* the great *Chams* Brother, with a fresh Army of thirty thousand choice Souldiers, whereof *Zolkierius* had no knowledge, and therefore, according to his former determination, he drew out his whole Army early the next Morning, and ranging them in Battel, strengthened both Wings with Forts made of his Waggon and Carriages, closed together on all sides, and filled with Foot and Cannon, so that the Enemy could make no advantage of their numbers to infest their Flanks. *Skinder Bassa* on the other side seeing the Order of the *Christians*, drew his Army into a Line of Battel, placing only the *Turks*, Revolted *Walachians*, and *Transylvanians*, in view, the Auxiliary *Tartars* being placed out of sight, and commanded not to stir till a Signal was given them to move, which should be when the *Christians* were Ingaged. The *Poles* had in-

deed ordered their Reserves, but by an over confidence advanced upon the Enemy, without the Protection of their Forts, contrary to the Generals Orders, which the *Turks* observing, the *Tartars* shewed themselves on the Right Wing, and extending that way, endeavoured to get between the *Christians* Camp and the Rear of their Army, which obliged *Zolkievius* to oppose against them his Reserves. The Fight was bloody and doubtful for two hours together, but the main Battel of the *Poles* having no seconds, (by reason of the diversion of their Reserves to defend the Rear) oppressed by the often repeated charges of the Enemies fresh Troops, though keeping themselves on the Left Wing, within the protection of their Forts, yet were no longer able to sustain the force of those multitudes that swarmed around them; they therefore faced about, and breaking through those Squadrons of *Tartars* who had got between them and the Camp, made their Retreat in reasonable good order, the *Barbarians* being checked in their pursuit by the Forts above-mentioned, which were still defended by the *Poles*. That on the Right Wing was violently assaulted by the Enemy, who killed three hundred of the Defendants, and took four of their Field-pieces. Neither had their success rested there, but that the *Christians* valiantly advanced in this extremity, with their best Troops to their relief, obliging the Infidels, after a hot dispute, to a confused Retreat. The Fort or Castle on the other Wing was left unattempted, and Night coming on, the Enemy after a kind of drawn Battel, wherein there fell one thousand of theirs, and about six hundred *Christians*, retreated to their Tents.

That Night and the next day passed without any Action, the *Poles* in the mean time consulted what to do in this Exigency, but could not readily come to any determination; during which, a Report was spread about the Camp that the chief Officers designed to steal away from the Army, which caused much disturbance, till the generous assurances of their Leaders had composed their Spirits, who vowed to live and dye with them. *Zolkierius* proposed in Council that they should next day try the Fortune of another Battel, wherein they might easily correct the Errors of the former Day; and being now informed of their own and the Enemies strength, they could better understand their advantages, having hitherto failed more in Conduct than in Courage, and if the Success should answer the Attempt, they might then think of retiring towards the Confines of their own Country, where they would be sure to meet with new Supplies, for the further prosecution of the War.

The very mention of another Battel surprized many of the great Persons, especially *Alexander Kalinowski*, *Duké Corecki*, and *Nicholas Struś*, three of the most Eminent Lords in the Army, who envying the Command of *Zolkierius*, were the more apt to oppose his Advice, especially in this juncture, when they must bring their Lives to an apparent hazard: They therefore absolutely declared against it, and that there was no safety but in a sudden flight, by vvhich means they might avoid Death, or a *Turkish* Bondage, vvhich vvas yet more Terrible. And being resolved to put the Councils they had given in execution,

cution, that Night they took the first opportunity, after the Watch vvas set, to quit the Camp, proposing to themselves, that by the favour of the darkness they might get over the River *Prut*, which covered the Rear of the Camp, before the Enemy could take the alarm of their departure; *Gratian* the Vayvod, for whose preservation the War was undertaken, went away with them, and having, by the number of their Train and Dependants, made a considerable party, they concluded themselves of Strength able, by the advantage of the Night, to break through all opposition.

There was a second Report spread in the Army, that the General himself was gone likewise, which carrying Terror with it, the inferior Officers and Souldiers were upon preparation for the flight also; whereof *Zolkierius* having speedy notice mounted on Horseback, and caused many lighted Torches to be carried before him, shewed himself to his Souldiers, surrounded their Quarters, spoke to every one he met, and encouraged all with his presence and chearfulness. He added, *That he could not be guilty of so nefarious a Treason as to desert so many brave Men his fellow Souldiers; that they had served too long under his Command, to conceive their General capable of so wicked an Act, as to sully all his Honour by so sordid a Retreat: That for his part, he had no other consideration for his Life, but in order to their preservation, and since some (he must confess Eminent Persons) had preferred their own Safety above all sense of Honour, he was glad they were gone, hoping they had carried away with them that Contagion of Cowardice which might have infected the whole Army.*

He also would wish them a good Journey, provided they would tell the King, and such of their Friends as should inquire after them. That they had Abandoned the Army and their General, in the Plains of Cicora, engaged against theirs and the Common Enemy of Christendom.

Though *Zolkierius* had harangued his Souldiers in such Terms as these, and with a serene Countenance, yet he could scarce compose the Minds of those who were disturbed with Terror and Fear, and could not be obliged to return to their Duty, till a sense of the danger of their Disobedience obliged them to it: But they were wholly confirmed by the ill success of those Lords, and others, that had Deferred them, who by their Ungenerous flight had hastened, and not prevented, their own Ruine; for in passing the River, which was rather rapid than deep, many of them missing the Ford were overwhelmed in it, *Kalinowski* himself perished in the Stream, and such as got over were most of them knocked on the Head by the *Tartars*, who Guarded that Post. *Gratian* and his *Moldavians* being skilled in the passage and ways got clear off, but being pursued by his ill Fate, had the recompence of his Infamous flight rewarded upon him by the Treachery of his own Servants, who murdered their Lord to possess themselves of what Treasure he had brought away with him. The rest of the party, after a vain attempt to pass the River, not daring to Land on the other side, wet, weary, and confounded with shame, came back to the Camp, which awhile before they had forsaken as desperate, reposing now all their safety in that of the Army.

The Poles by these losses, and the escape of nine hundred *Cossacks*, (who by a more lucky Fate than that of their Fellows, had broke through a neglected Quarter without opposition) being much weakned, and far unequal in strength to the Enemy, and not daring to attempt another Fight, without manifest danger of losing all, they resolved upon a Retreat. They had lost many of their Horses, and more died daily for want of Forrage; they were harassed with Duty, and had no hope of Relief from *Poland*, being Besieged by a Barbarous Enemy, ready in their apprehensions to Storm their Camp every moment. Their Provisions were short, and no possibility of Supplies from without, all the sides of their Camp being Invested so, that it was impossible for them to subsist for want of Food, in expectation of Succour from their own Country; neither had the King, by reason of the Interruption of the Passages, received but one Letter from *Zolkievius* when it was too late, wherein he gave him an account of his condition, and how he had been unseasonably abandoned by some of the Army.

This was the State of Affairs in the Camp, while the Enemy without lay close upon them, and computing the distresses and disorders within, by the Detention of those that had left them, they were much raised in their hopes, despising all Proposals of quitting the place; so that Sept. 22. the whole *Turkish* Army was drawn up before the Camp, threatening a general Assault, unless they instantly surrendered at discretion. Next day they did the like, and on the 26th. the *Galga*, or Prince of *Tartary*, approaching near

the Trenches was met by Duke *Corecki* upon Parole, who proposed an excessive Ransom for himself, and some few with him, and descending to some particulars for Rendition of the Camp, desiring only that the Souldiers might March away with their Swords, the *Tartarian* left them with Scorn and Anger, and clapping his Hand to his Scimiter, bid them expect no other conditions than what the sharpness of that would afford them.

Zolkierius having throughly computed the State of his Affairs, resolved to quit the Camp, and having ordered all things accordingly, which took up three days time, being assisted in the Method of his Design by *Martin Kasanowski*, an old Experienced Collonel, *Sept. 29.* that part of the Wall through which the Camp was to pass being opened, the Army about Sun-set began its March in the following Order: On both sides a row of Waggon, as it were chained together five hundred paces in length, drawn by their Horses, closed the Wings, the Front consisting likewise of linked Waggon, took up three hundred paces, and the Rear being fenced with the like Barricado, together with the outside of the Camp, was fortified with Cannon. The Wounded, Sick, Baggage, and all the best Horses of the Army, were placed in the midst, while the Officers and Souldiers marched on the outside of the Camp with Colours flying, and their Arms ready fixt to resist any Assault.

The *Tartars* observing this order of the Poles, at first imagined they had drawn out to Fight, but when they discerned the whole Camp to move, and that no Man stirred out of his Rank,

they stood amazed at the Novelty, and the Night approaching, they durst only send out small parties to observe their motion, and so they marched two *Moldavish* miles that Night, without any disorder but what they received at the passage of a Lake, which yet did not much incommode them, since they were not eagerly pressed upon by the Enemy. *Sept. 30.* *Skinder* Bassa assaulted the Camp on all sides with his united Forces, but being repulsed with great loss, they marched yet two *Moldavish* miles more that Night, which is about Ten *English* miles.

Oct. 1. The Camp being Lodged near a great Pool, continued there that whole Day and the Night following. The Infidels galled them extremely from the other side of the Water with their Shot, and from the open side by their Skirmishing, but were bravely repulsed with great slaughter of their Men. About Noon that Day they prepared for a fresh Assault, but instead thereof sent a Trumpet to the Camp to demand their *Turkish* Interpreter, that they might speak with him; which being granted, they only detained him, making no attempt that Day.

Oct. 2. The *Turks* having viewed the Camp, Stormed it with greater fury than ever, and being repulsed, returned fifteen times to the Assault. The Courage of the Defendants increasing by their being able to resist, it did not suffice them at length to make good their Station, but they followed the flying Enemy a good distance from it, taking in the pursuit two Colours and a piece of Cannon, having killed multitudes of their Men. Towards Sun-set they began their March with their Shot about them.

which must needs hinder their pace, and yet they had advanced fifteen *English* miles before Morning.

The next day having gained the advantage of a Rivolet, and heights of Ground, they easily repressed the violence of the Enemy, and took a *Tartars* Colours; they also eluded an Ambuscade, and continued their Journey that Night, strengthening their Camp by the Neighbourhood of a River.

Skinder Bassa considering that by these Night Marches the Prey might slip out of his Hands, and being sensible of the disgrace that would attend him to suffer it, resolved to make an attempt with the hazard of his whole Army, and consequently gave order for a general Assault: But the *Tartars* not seeming so forward as he expected, having already been so often rudely handled, and pretending the great difficulty of the Design, by reason of the posture of the Camp, seated upon the advantage of a River, whereby they would be able to bring more hands to the defence of those parts that were Assaultable. The Inraged Bassa, impatient of Arguments, turned hastily to his Janitaries, *And are you also affrighted with the greatness of the danger,* said he? *And will you suffer this handful of Men to slip out of your hands for want of a vigorous attempt upon them?* But they cried out, *He should not reproach but Command them, for nothing was terrible to them but the Anger of their General.* The rest of the *Turks* swayed by his example, would be of the party, prompted by an Ambition to do the Service with their own hands, without the Assistance of the *Tartars*. Armed

with these Resolutions they Assaulted the Camp from all their Quarters, and incited by a mixture of Shame and Fury, broke in upon it in one place, carrying Terror into the Bowels of the *Christians*, notwithstanding all the resistance made against them; all their former Disputes and Conflicts seemed but Sport to this. The *Turks* hurried on by their Principle of Predestination, added to a Zeal of Gratifying their General, exposed their Lives without Discretion, to preserve the Footing they had gained in the Camp, doing more than Men in prosecuting the Advantage.

The *Christians* Armed with a Native Courage, and more Inflamed by their Déspair, exceeded their Enemies, for despising their multitudes, and resolving to Conquer or Dye, they made a Charge upon those that had entred, with a fury suitable to the circumstance of their Affairs, and forcing the foremost back on their Fellows, made them contribute to their own Disorders; so that not being able to Rally, they were repelled with a great Slaughter, and having cleared themselves from this Storm, they continued their March that Evening along the Banks of the River for three miles, the Enemy Coasting them on the other side with an equal pace.

The *Tartars* having got before them, Oct. 5. lay directly in their way, but they having taken up a Resolution to surmount every difficulty, and being grown Skilful in this kind of March, broke through all the Resistance made against them, though with some disorder in the Rear, occasioned by the Fears of the Waggon-men, which rendred them less exact and faithful in

their Charge ; but by the Valour and Conduct of *Zemberg*, who commanded in that part, the Enemy was Repulsed, and the Disorder being Regulated, they Marched two Miles that Day. They still continued to advance, and like a Wedge of Iron, divided their passage through the numerous Squadrons of the *Turks*, who clouded their very sight with their showers of Shot and Arrows, but since they could make no Impression upon them, they burnt up and destroyed all their Grass and Forrage in the way, whereby they were extremely incommodated, and by reason whereof, and their often Skirmishing, they were able to March but one *Moldavish* Mile a Day.

The *Poles* still followed the Banks of the River *Tire*, with a design to gain *Mokilow*, a safe Retreat after their tedious March. They were constrained to avoid the nearest way thither, as Mountainous and Boggy, besides great Woods in it, which would obstruct them in the manner of their motion, chusing for the sake of a more even passage, to go about by such a way as brought them within a mile of their desired Harbour. The Camp was in perfect order, and the Enemy tired with the repetition of their fruitless Attempts and Labours, had forbore to press upon them, being content to wait their motion with a few Scouts only. The *Poles* about the Evening of this seventh Day of their March, continued their Journey according to their former Method, and meeting in their way some Barns Stored with great quantities of Hay and Corn, many of them, but without Order, run to the Bait to supply themselves with Provisions for

their well nigh starved Horses: In the mean time the Van of the Camp began to March without calling in their Forragers, or giving notice as they ought and used, to the Rear of their motion. The Rear, for want of the accustomed Sign, being thus separated from the Main Body, was seized on by a sudden Horror and Pannick Fear, which having affected some, was like Wild-fire spread through all: Their apprehensions were various, but all upon the account of fear heightned by the darkness, and imaginary noises, concluding the Van was cut off, and that the Sword was at their Throats. The same Plague being carried over the rest of the Army, infected the whole in a moment with its Contagion; whereupon the Carters, Waggonmen, Paddees and Servants; imployed about the Carriages, unloosed the Horses to save themselves by flight upon them, so that the whole Fabrick and Machine of the Camp being dissolved, they could move no further. There was yet another cause that contributed to this Evil:

Upon the departure of *Gratian*, and other Fugitives, from the Camp of *Cicora*, the Rascality of the Army, with a mixture of Souldiers, Robbed and Plundered their Tents and Lodgings, but being got on the Banks of the River *Tire*, they began to speak of it, and *Koninkspolski* the Lieutenant-General, had that very Evening very Imprudently uttered some threatening expressions about it. The number of the Guilty being many, they began to think of their proper safety, and the avoiding that punishment, which if they stood to it, would fall upon them; they therefore

therefore, in great numbers, fled away from their Friends as well as from their Foes. These Wretches having begun a Tumult upon this occasion, it was seconded by the dividing of the Camp, as is before declared: The confusion was so great, that *Zolkievius*, and the chief Officers about him, could not be heard, the variety of noises, with the apprehension of the danger, and the darkness of the Night, rendring the Army deaf to all his Commands and Orders.

The *Tartars* being advertised by their Scouts, of these Disorders and Tumults, failed not to hasten thither, and catching hold of the advantage given them by the *Poles*, prepared to it by their own fears, fell in among them with Shouts and Terrors. *Zolkievius* had commanded, that for the better safety of the Quarters, and encouraging of the Souldiers, That all Men should quit their Horses and March on Foot, wherein himself was the first Example; which was the Reason that so many of the chief Commanders fell, and were taken in that Encounter, for when the Rout was become so Universal that all Resistance was to no purpose, they perished upon the place for want of Horses to carry them off, except such as escaped by swimming, and so got away. *Zolkievius's* Son, with his Nephew, and *Strusius*, the two former being weak of their Wounds, and forsaken by their Coachman, were made Prisoners, and presented to the *Tartarian Galga*. *Zolkievius* had before taken an eternal farewell of his Son, and then having made a short confession of his Sins, was lost in

the confusion, and found dead next morning upon the Skirts of the Camp. Some say he caused himself to be killed by one of his Followers a *Cossack*, chusing rather to perish with his Army than fall into the Enemies hands, or survive his own Glory; but the Wounds in his Sword-hand, on his Face and Breast, and a *Tartarian* laid Dead along by him, seem to declare that he dyed Fighting. *Skinder Bassa* caused his Head to be cut off and fixed upon a Pike, exposing it for that day to the view of the whole Army, and afterward to be sent to the Signior his Master, as a Testimony of his Victory. The Lieutenant General *Corecki*, the young *Zolkievius*, with the other Prisoners of Quality, were sent to *Constantinople*, where after three years Imprisonment they were Ransomed, and returned to their own Country; and thus, like a Ship after a long Voyage sunk in the Harbour.

Zolkievius having through all the accidents of his Life proceeded regularly, from the Quality of a private Souldier to the Supream command of an Army, was raised by his own Virtue to those Honours which rendred him eminent in those parts of the World; neither was there any thing wanting to compleat his Glory, besides the success of this Unfortunate Retreat, which was reduced to that point, that there wanted but one hour to render him eminent among the most Illustrious Captains of Antiquity. It is held on all hands, that the most difficult part of Military Service is a Retreat, and it may be judged hard measure to deny *Zolkievius* the Honour of having acquitted himself

himself well in that particular, since he had brought it within view of the Harbour; but as the Honour of the Success had been intirely his if he had prospered, so his memory must be patient of this Cloud drawn over the lustre of it, by the failing of some mean Officer in omitting to give the Signal of his March. But here did he fall, and was laid upon the Bed of Honour, in the extremity of his Age, refusing to live when he could not do it gloriously.

Skinder Bassa, either grown uneasie at the accession of this Victory, or that some great ones at Court were unworthily emulous of his Glory, had contracted many Enemies near the Grand Signior, who upon all occasions did him ill Offices, but finding that infection to work slowly, they corrupted some of his nearest Servants, who by the infusion of Poyson in his Drinks destroyed him suddenly, so that he did not long survive the Unfortunate *Zolkierius*, being in this more Unhappy, That he expired in the quality of a Criminal, and that no certain account can be given of him, but that he Died in the year 1620.

The Fiery Misfortune.

IN the year 1618. Dec. 28. I *George Bonlecoe* went Aboard the Ship Named the *New Horn*, burthen eleven hundred Tun, and two hundred and six Men, and Sailed from the *Texel* in *Holland* bound for the *East-Indies*. In three days we lost sight of the *English* Coasts, the fourth so great a Storm arose, that we were forced to let down our Top-Sails, and increasing in the Night,

five great Waves rolled over our Vessel, which filling our Deck with Water, made our Men cry out, *We sink, the Port-holes are open.* Hearing that, I ran to the fore-part of the Ship, but found them all close, and freed the Men from their fear. I sent a Man into the Hold, who found no Water there. We drained our Deck with Buckets, and threw over-board the Seamens Chests, which by rolling about much incommoded us; the Wind and Rain were so violent, that the Sky and Sea seemed joined together, and the Lightning made all appear like a Flame. The Storm still continued, when we perceived great Flocks of Sea-Gulls, which made us think we were near the Isle of *Bresil*, though we could not see it; at length the fury of the Winds broke off our Main-Mast about five yards above Deck, which put us in great fear, but with much labour we made our Fore-mast to serve in the place,

The Tempest continued sixteen days and then the Wind ceased. When having repaired our Tackle we pursued our Voyage, steering our course to the *Canary* Islands, and perceiving a Ship behind us we stopt our course expecting her, and found it was the *New Zealand*, who had suffered no damage by the Storm. Next day we met with another, called the *New Enchysen*, both bound for the *East-Indies*, so we Sailed all three in company, making merry every day Aboard of each other, and passing by the *Canaries*, came to the Isles of *May* and *Fonges*, where the Mists and Rains were so thick, that we lost sight of each other. We founded at *Fonges* but found no bottom, and sent our Long-Boat toward

ward the shore, but the *Spaniards* at Land shot at them with Muskets, and would not suffer them to come ashore; whereupon having taken a few Fish, we weighed Anchor and Sail'd toward the Equinoctial Line. Next morning we again discovered our two Companions, and joyfully saluted each other, who told us, That Landing at the Isle of *May* to buy some Provisions, the *Spaniards* opposed and killed two of their Men, which made them return empty. At length arriving under the Line, the Weather calmed, and the Winds were so uncertain, sometimes turning all the Compass at once, that we were obliged to stay there three Weeks. The Sea was calm in the Day and rough at Night, and the Waves that beat against our Vessel seemed like Flames of Fire.

We proceeded toward the *Cape of Good Hope*, and saw Sea-Gulls chequer'd with black Spots on their Wings, of which we took several, with an Instrument whereto a little Bell was tyed. These Fowls appear always near the Cape, and guided us thither, but the Wind blowing hard, we passed it without Landing, since all our people were in Health, this being about the end of *May*, five months after our departure from *Holland*.

We steered our course toward *Madagascar*, and parted company with the two other Ships, who both took a different course. At this time several of our Men were Sick, whereupon we endeavoured to Land, perceiving several persons walking along the shore; one of our Men got ashore and spoke to them, but could not understand what they said, only by signs perceived that they informed us there was a better Landing place a little lower. Meeting

ing with no fresh Provisions here, to the great grief of the Sick people (whose number daily increased, and some of them dyed) they came to the Captains Cabbin, and desired him to seek Land, affirming they should recover as soon as they came ashore by the help of the Air.

The Captain hereupon resolved to Sail to the Isle of *Mascarius*, but when he arrived there, the Wind was so strong, that *Heyn Roll* our Merchant would not consent they should venture to go ashore, yet at length, by the importunity of the Sick men, they were put into a Shallop, having a Sail to make a Tent, with Oil, Vinegar, Kettles, and other Utensils, along with them, and so were set ashore, where they instantly threw themselves on the Grass, and in a short time found much benefit from the sweetness of the Air. We discovered several Pidgeons and Ring-Doves on the Trees, who suffered us to take them with our Hands; of which we killed and wasted two hundred in one Day. We found likewise store of Shell-fish, which we Stewed with Damask-Prunes brought from *Holland*.

But this place being inconvenient, I went in the Shallop, vvith several others, upon discovery, and five Leagues further vve found Springs of Water near the shore, but somevvhat brackish by communication vvith the Sea. Here vv ere Ring-Doves, gray Parrots, and other Fovvl; vvith a great number of Tortoises, 25 of them together sometimes shading themselves under a Tree; vve took as many as vve pleased, for they did not fear us. There vv as likewise a sort of Animals vvith small Wings but could not fly, being so fat that they drevv their Tails after them on the ground; and vv ere scarce able to move.

It

It was pleasant to observe, that when we made a Parrot or other Bird cry and make a noise, all that heard it came to his relief, and were thereby taken. We then put our Sick men aboard the Ship, and brought them to this place, and then eight of our Seamen were sent to fetch in Provision and Fish in the Rivers, where they catch'd store of excellent Fish, some as big as Salmon. Here was a little River of fresh Water, on the brink whereof grew such thick Trees, and in so exact order, as if they had been planted, yielding a very fine prospect. We found here a Plank, wherein was cut in great Letters, *That Admiral Adrian Maerts, standing into this Road with thirteen Sail of Ships, and having sent some Shallops to Land, they were all dashed in pieces by a furious Storm, and all the Men drowned*; but during our stay the Sea was calm enough. Our Men run over all the Island without meeting with any Humane Creature, but found good store of Birds, and another River full of Fish; and pulling off their Shirts, and spreading them on the Water, catch'd several excellent Eeles. Every morning we had the pleasure to see the Tortoises come out of the Sea to run upon the shore, digging holes in the Sand wherein to lay their Eggs, the number of which were sometimes two hundred, and then covering up the holes that lay next the Sun, they left them to be hatch'd by the heat thereof, from whence we might see young Tortoises no bigger than Wall-nuts, running upon the Sand.

In this place were many Palm-trees, from whence we drew a very pleasant Liquor. We saw several Deer, but so Wild that we took only

an old one whose Horns were Worm-eaten, and the flesh unpleasant to eat. We set up a Sun Dial to know how the time passed. Our Sick being fully recovered, and our Vessel trimmed and aired, we beat a Drum for our people to bring aboard all the Provisions; one of whom by shooting at a Fowl, lost his Eye by the breaking of the Gun. After we had Sojourned twenty one days in this small Island, we Sailed for *St. Marys* near *Madagascar*, the Water on the shore being clear like Chrytal, so that we could discern the bottom; the Inhabitants perceiving us, came in their Canoa's, made out of an hollow Tree, to our Ships side, bringing with them Apples, Citurns, Rice and Fowl, but we could not understand them, only they cried out, *Bonu Bee Cou, Que Cicon*, signifying thereby that they had Cows, Calves, Sheep and Fowls, and that what they brought was only a small sample. We beheld them with much amazement, and gave them a great Bowl of Wine, into which putting their Heads they drunk like Beasts, and the fumes of the Wine getting into their Brains, made them shew a thousand Antick Tricks. They vvere Naked, only their Nuditives covered vvith a Skin, their complexion yellowv, inclining to brovv, by rubbing themselves vvith a certain Oyl to keep off the heat of the Sun. We went daily on shore to exchange with them little Bells, Spoons, Knives, and Coral for Calves, Sheep, Rice and Milk. They brought Milk in Leaves made like a close Basket, so that we were forced to pierce a hole to get it out.

After two or three days stay, we Sailed three or four Leagues further, where going on shore we met

met vvith nothing but Apples and Melons, which we little valued. The Ships Council ordered me to go ashore at *Madagascar*, where we found little Fruit. We had a Musician in the Ship, who playing before the Inhabitants, they were so taken therewith, that they stood amazed for some time admiring him, and then fell a Dancing round him, in several pleasant postures. They seem ignorant of any God, setting up before their Houses the Heads of Oxen on Spikes, to whom they kneel, and make Adoration ; we endeavoured to inform them better but to no purpose, and returning aboard, directed our course to the Streight of *Sumda*, and arriving to the height thereof, which was five Degrees and an half North Latitude, *Novemb.* 19. the Steward after Dinner went down into the Hold with a Candle to fill his Runlet with *Aqua Vite*, that it might be ready next morning to distribute a Cup to every one according to Custom. He strikes the sharp end of his Candlestick into an Hoghead above that he drew from, and having finished his business, endeavours to pluck it out again, which he did with such force, that a spark of the Light fell into the Hoghead of *Aqua Vite*, which instantly took Fire, and put it all into a Flame ; I being on the Deck, and hearing the Steward cry Fire, look'd down through the Hatches and saw him throwing Water into it, and running down could then perceive no Fire. Nay, I thrust my Arm into the Hoghead, and could feel none, the Water seeming to have extinguished it : I went away, but soon after the Fire increased so much, that its violence caused the bottom of the Hoghead

to fly out, whereby the Flame dispersed it self on a heap of Sea-coal that lay underneath, and set it on Fire, which so much alarm'd us, that we all run to quench it, but found it difficult, since three rows of Hogsheads lay one upon another; and by throwing Water on the Coals, so thick and sulphurous a smoak arose as almost stifled us. I propos'd to *Heyn Roll* our Merchant, to throw the Gun-powder over-board, but he absolutely refused to consent to it, alledging, It was still possible to quench the Fire. If, says he, we throw our Powder away, how shall we defend our selves if attack'd by an Enemy? And if taken, How shall we excuse our selves to our Owners? So the Powder remained in the Ship.

The Fire still prevailing, and none being able to stay in the Hold for the smoak, we made divers holes in the Deck, through which we threw down a great quantity of Water, but all in vain: The Shallop had been near three Weeks in the Water drawn after the Ship. Some of the Men got into the Cock-boat to have more room to Work, and our fear increasing, seeing nothing but the Heavens and Water without hope of Succour, others slid along down the Ships side into the Sea, and Swam to the Shallop to secure themselves. *Heyn Roll* being on the Fore-Deck, wondred to see so many people in the two Boats; they spying him, called out they were ready to depart, and if he would go along with them he must hasten down. He accordingly consented, and being come down, desired them to give the Captain notice and take him in, but they would not consent to it, in-

stantly cutting the Ropes and going off. I knew nothing of this, being very earnest in quenching the Flames, when a Sailor surprized me, saying, Good Captain what shall we do, since the Shallop and Long-Boat have left the Ship, and are under Sail? If they are gone, said I, They never design to return again; and running up the Ropes I perceived them, and thereupon caused all the Sails to be hoisted up, and Sailed after them, but coming within three Ships length, they rowed up against the Wind and escaped: Whereupon I encouraged the rest of my Men afresh, saying, *Sirs, next to God, all our Help is in our own Hands, let us every one fall to Work, and try again what we can do; go first and throw away the Powder.* Which was done, but the Fire being got to the lowest part of the Hold, we could not come near it because of the Iron and other Goods, therefore I resolved to let in the Water five Foot deep to quench it, and the Carpenter made several Holes to that purpose.

Nothing but Sighs and Weeping were now observed amongst us, yet continuing vigorously to pour down Water, the Fire seemed to abate; but to check our hopes, it soon after took hold of the Oyls which we had in great quantity aboard. After which, the more Water we threw the more the flame increased: Then it was that our Ruin appeared to be without remedy, and our Wailings and Lamentations grew greater, all Succour failing, and the devouring Ocean being ready to swallow us up, and though we had thrown sixty Barrels of Powder over-board, yet there remained at least three hundred still in

the Ship which we could not get at, so that at length the Fire reached them, and immediately the Ship, with one hundred and nineteen persons, were blown up into the Air : I, with sixty five more, were on the Deck, expecting this fatal blow, clinging to the Main-mast, in hope to fall with it into the Water and save ourselves, but are all blown into the Air with the rest, and I who was their Captain, seeing nothing but Death before my Eyes, cryed out, *O my God, have pity upon me*, verily believing this was the last moment of my Life, but although the blow did much astonish me, yet I was not wholly senseless, but retained some remains of Hope and Courage. Thus I fell into the Water, near the Wreck of the Ship which was shivered into a thousand pieces, and taking breath a little, looking about I perceived the Main-mast on one side of me, and the Fore-mast on the other, whereupon I got astride on the Main-mast, and observing the dismal Ruins of the Ship, I cryed out, *Good God ! what a fine Vessel is perished and destroyed in a moment like Sodom and Gomorah !* In making these Reflexions, I perceived a Young man Swimming, who got hold of the Keel of our Ship, saying, *I have caught it : Good God ! said I, is there any one yet alive ?* I observed a little Mast driven by the Waves toward him, I desired him to thrust it toward me, that whercon I was ballancing too much, and I being unable, without great pain, to stir my self, having two large Wounds in my Head and Back, and my Arms and Thighs sorely bruised, *O God, said I, yet but a little while and I am a lost*

Man. We got both on this Mast, he before and I behind, with each of us a Board in our Hands, when the Young-man hoisting up himself discovered the Shallop, but at so great a distance, that he could not perceive whither the Poop or Prow were towards us.

The Sun was now setting, which much afflicted us, who had no hope but in Heaven, to which we continually address'd our Prayers: At length we were comfortably surprized with the sight both of the Shallop and Cock-Boat, which came very near us; I called out to them, *Save your Captain*: They answered me, *Is our Captain still alive?* I told them, *I am the Person.* The Young-man, my Companion, set himself courageously to Swimming, but I being disabled by my Wounds and Bruises, cried out, *If they would have me they must come and fetch me.* Then they made up toward me, and our Trumpeter threw out a Rope, which I fastened about my middle; and thus they drew me to them. I had formerly made a little Lodge in my Shallop for two persons, wherein I was laid, it being thought I would soon expire. *Heyn Roll* and others, visited me, whom I advised to keep all Night near the Wreck, to see if they could find any Provisions, or a Compass to find Land, for they left the Ship in such haste, that they took not any Meat nor Drink with them. They told me likewise, that the Pilot had taken away the Compass out of his Lodge, as foreseeing we must abandon the Ship.

That Night *Heyn Roll* made the Sea-men Row hard to try if they could perceive Land, but at Day-break, to their great trouble, they could

could see none. They came and asked my advice, I told them they had done ill in not continuing near the Wreck last Night, where they might have found store of Provisions, since I had seen pieces of Flesh and Cheese swim in great quantities about our Legs, so that we could scarce make way for them when we were on the Mast. They desired me to rise a little, which I did with much difficulty ; I demanded what Provisions they had, they brought me two little Barrels with about eight pound of Bisket, which was their whole Stock. *Comerades*, said I, *this will not do, lay by your Oars, for you do but weary your selves with Rowing, take your Shirts and make Sails of them ;* which they did. I offered mine but they would not accept it, desiring to preserve my life. We were about forty six persons in the Shallop, and twenty six in the small Boat ; in all seventy two. There was a good Morning Gown and Cushion in the small Boat which were given me. Our Surgeon having no Remedies left, stop'd the two holes in my Head with chewed Bread, which with Gods assistance cured them.

Our Sails being ready, we steered by the course of the Stars, though we could scarce discern their Rising and Sitting ; the Night was extream cold, and the day very hot, the Sun shining just over our Heads. We invented an Instrument, by the Coopers help, to take the Suns height, and afterwards with Chalk made a little Sun-Dial. I cut on a Plank, behind the Shallop, a Chart, in the best manner I could, and there describing the Isles of *Sumatra*, *Java*, and the Streight of *Sunda*, lying between these

two Islands. That day the Ship was lost, I had taken the height, and found we were in five Degrees and half South Latitude, and now found we were near ninety Leagues from Land. I made likewise a Compass, and directed our course seventy Leagues side-ways to get Land, that we might the better know where to go.

I now distributed our small store of Bisket, giving every man his allowance, which was not much bigger than ones Finger ; this was soon gone, and we had no Drink, so that our thirst was insupportable, but soon after it happened to Rain, and we stretch'd out our Sails to receive it, and wringing the Water into our little Barrels, filled them therewith. I made one of my Shooes serve for a Cup, and caused every Man to take his turn in coming to the Barrel, and having drank, to give place to his companion. They intreated me to Drink my fill, which I would not, contenting my self with the same portion as the rest. And thus we kept together, but the Shallop out-sailing the Cock-boat, and there being none in it that understood Navigation, they beg'd of me to be received into the Shallop, but the Seamen opposed it, saying, That though the Shallop was large, yet it could not hold so great a number, and thereupon they cut the Ropes and left them. Great was our calamity, being without Provisions, and out of sight of Land, yet I still encouraged them, by saying they were not far from it ; but they murmured often, crying out, *Our Captain tells us more than he knows, since we every day seem to be at a greater distance from it.* But when it seemed

seemed impossible for us to subsist any longer, it pleased God to send a great number of Sea-Gulls, who flew about us as if they desired to be taken; we caught some of them, but had not patience to pluck off the Feathers, yet eat them with as good an Appetite as if they had been drest.

But still descrying no Land, we began to despair; those in the other Boat coming up, again beg'd us to take them in, which at length we did, esteeming it better to dye all together, since there was no sign of Relief, being then in all seventy two Souls without either Meat or Drink, or expectation of getting any. Looking thus woefully upon each other, by the goodness of Heaven a great quantity of flying Fish rose from the Water, flying till their Wings were dry, and then fell down into our Boat; we immediately seized and divided them, and eat them raw, which comforted us and kept us from starving, so that none dyed, which was wonderful, since many already drank Sea-Water, notwithstanding all my Remonstrances; others held Musket-bullets in their Mouths; others again drunk their own Urine so long as it was good, but at length it would not serve.

Our calamity still increasing, we began to look upon one another with a cruel eye, plainly discovering our design to feed upon each other: At last, it came almost to an open resolution, that the Boys should be killed and eaten first, and then they would cast Lots amongst themselves. It is impossible to express the Horror which I had at this proposal, perceiving their readiness to execute it; I therefore earnestly

begged of God to change their Minds, and preserve them from this Cruelty, and going to them, said, *Friends, I do assure you we are not far from Land, for I know it by my Instruments; hope in God and he will relieve us.* They replied, *I were used to entertain them with such discourses, telling me plainly, That if they discerned no Land in such a time, they would certainly begin to eat the Boys.* Considering their barbarous Resolution, I reiterated my most earnest Prayers to the Almighty, not to suffer us to be tempted beyond our power, but to guide and direct us to some place of safety. We were grown so lean and faint that we could scarce stand, and our Merchant *Heyn Roll* was not able to rise from the ground, so that my whole business was to go from Poop to Prow to comfort them, though I wanted as much consolation my self.

We Sailed thus at all Adventures till Dec. 2. 1619. being the thirteenth day since we lost our Ship: We had then some Rain, which we greedily received, and filled our two small Vessels, and every Man at Night stood back to back against each other like Sheep against the cold. Next morning the Weather cleared up and the Quarter-master being at the Helm, hollered out, *Land, Land, Land*: All our people extremely rejoiced at the News, and taking fresh strength and courage, we hoisted up our Sails, and got ashore that very Day, where we praised God, that had not suffered us to commit the crime we were about to perpetrate, for this was the last Day prefixt for this cruel and barbarous Resolution of eating the Boys. We foraged

ged the Island, and found abundance of Coco-Nuts but no fresh Water; we drew a very pleasant Liquor from them, and eat the Meat. We could find no Man on the place, though it seemed to have been Inhabited, but saw a Serpent as big as our largest Barrels. This Island is distant four or five Leagues from *Sumatra*; we coasted Eastward as long as our Nuts lasted, which being spent, we kept near the Isle to find a conveniency to Land, because the roughness of the Sea made it dangerous, and likewise a Bank of Sand; but at length, we got ashore without any other dammage than being wet with the dashing of the Waves.

Here we found fresh Water, and Beans amongst the Herbs, and a little further Tobacco and a Fire, which was very pleasing to us. Since we knew the Island was Inhabited, we kindled a Fire in six or seven places, reposing our selves about it, and at Night placed Sentinels to prevent surprizals from the Inhabitants. In the Night we were as sick and griped with the Beans as we had been before with the Coco's; and at the same time the Natives, favoured by the darkness, came upon us, of which our Sentinels gave us notice, and though we were Sick, and had no other Weapons but two Hatchets and an old rusty Sword, yet we resolved to sell our Lives as dear as possible, and ranging our men in Battle, vwith each a Fire-brand stretch'd out at full length in his Hand, and the sparkles flying in the Air, vve approached the *Barbarians*, who vvere much astonish'd, not discerning what Arms vve had, and thereupon fled vwith all speed, and vve returned to our Fires, and

stood upon our Guard. In the morning vve saw three Men coming toward us, and some of our Company spoke to them in the *Malay* Language, and they asking who we were, he told them *Hollanders*, that had lost their Ship by Fire, and desired Provisions, which they, loon after brought, both of Rice and Fowl, for which we paid eight Crowns, and divided it betwixt us, and met with a Liquor as strong as Wine, in a small Village, of which we drunk each his share. The Natives set down by us, but spake not a Word, seeming amazed to see us.

After this I bought a Buffle of them for five Crowns, but he was so Wild I could not take him, so our Men staid ashore to catch him, and I went in a Canoa, with two Negro's, to the Shallop, who I suppose designed to do me a mischief if there had been opportunity, but I used such rough Language toward them, that they saw I did not fear them. Next morning we saw two men bringing a Buffle, which I perceiving not to be the same, asked them why our Men did not return; they said, They had not yet caught the Buffle. Well, said I, we will make sure of this, and ordered the Serjeant to cut off his Legs, at which the Buffle fell, and the Negro's set up an horrid cry, upon which two or three hundred more came out of a Wood upon us, designing to surprize us by getting betwixt us and the Shallop, but our three Sentinels gave notice of it, and came to our assistance, they approaching us with Swords and Javelins; whereupon we made to our Shallop, and they pursued us furiously to the side of it. The Baker of our Ship wrought Wonders with

our rusty Sword, and two others did the same with the two Hatchets, but finding our selves over-powered, we cut our Cable and Sailed away; some of the Negro's lay Dead, and others Wounded, on the Water. The valiant Baker received a Wound in his Belly by an Invenomed Arrow, of which he died. We lost twelve Men in the Fight, and four that were left ashore, which we were very loth to depart without, but having only eight Hens, and a little Rice for fifty persons, we Sailed along the Coasts, near the Rocks, and found store of small Oysters.

We left the Bay, and Sailed upon the Main Sea, to find out the Island of *Java*, and went ashore again in another Island, where we found some Bamboos and Palm-trees, the tops whereof being very tender we eat. Here from the top of an high Mountain I discovered the Streight of *Sunda*, and the Isles of *Java* and *Sumatra*, which was joyful news to us all, being impatient to see some of our own Country-men once more, who had a Factory there. Sailing on we met with some *Holland* Ships, and among others, one of those who lost company of us near the *Canary*-Islands, who at first did not know us, but when we discovered our selves, the Captain embraced us with Tears of Joy, and we went aboard his Ship, relating to him at large our woeful Misfortunes, which he could not hear without much emotion. He gave us a Yatch to go to *Battavia*, where *John Peter Keen* kept his Court, where being arrived, we told the Guards we desired to speak with the Lord-General, who having notice thereof com-

manded

manded us to be brought into his presence: After we had paid our respects to him, we gave an account of our selves, and of the fatal accident that had occasioned the burning of our Ship, and all the sad Disasters attending us afterwards. He replied, *It was indeed a miserable Accident, but God, said he, has miraculously preserved you in all your Dangers.* He commanded his Attendants to bring some Canary: My Lord Drank to me in a great Cup of Gold, and said I was welcome, and that we ought to consider our selves as Men that had once lost our Lives, and now by Gods great Mercy had found them again; adding, *I must be gone this Night to Bantam upon urgent occasions, do you remain here and eat at my Table till my return.*

Eight days after we were ordered to attend him at Bantam, where he sent for me, saying, *Captain Bontekoe, go on Board the Shepherd Vessel till further Order.* I accepted this Commission with hearty thanks, and *Heyn Roll* had likewise a Commission to exercise Merchandize: Soon after my Ship, with two others, were sent toward the Coasts of China, and coming to a Town called *Laritoeken*, whose Inhabitants named *Specks* and *Mests* much obstructed Trade, thereupon our Council resolved that we should Attack, and endeavour to Destroy them; in pursuance whereof, we put some Men ashore, who set some Houses on Fire, on purpose to divert the Inhabitants by quenching them, to give us the better opportunity to Land our Forces, which having done, those in the Fort perceiving us, made two Sallies upon us, and killed twenty five of ours on the place, wounding several others, and forcing us to retreat. Having

Having taken in fresh Water, we Sailed toward *Amboina*, and parting with *Heyn Roll*, not without much regret, remembring the miseries we both jointly suffered, we at length arrived at the famous City of *Batavia*, where the Governour received me favourably, and made me Captain of a better Ship, newly arrived from *Holland*, called the *Groningen*, in which I Sailed to the Road of *Jambay*. Our Pilot went in a Boat up the River to visit Captain *Martes*, who entertained him very kindly; departing from thence he found himself drowfie, and reposed on an Hill near the Sea, but in the Night fell in to the Water and was Drowned.

Having passed two years in Voyaging, I was sent in company with eight Ships more, by order from General *Koen*, to go to *Piscadoris*, to oblige the *Chinois* to Trade either by fair means or foul; and April 22. we cast Anchor before *Macon*, being now fifteen Sail, and next day we began to batter the City, and in the mean time our Commander in chief took the opportunity of the great Fire we made, to Land six hundred Men, the Enemy endeavoured to hinder them, but our men, with their Swords in their Hands, drove them out of the Trenches which they had made, and we became Masters of the lower ground, and pursued them vigorously, when by accident the fire took our Powder, which the Enemy understanding, came upon us with such fury, that we were wholly disordered, and forced to fly towards our Shallops, in great confusion, with the loss of one hundred and thirty of our Men, and near as many Wounded, the Commander *Roy* being slightly hurt in his Belly.

We Sailed from hence toward the Coast of *China*, and met a Jonque richly Laden, bound for the *Manilles*; we took her, and made two hundred and fifty *Chinois* Prisoners, and fastening the Jonque behind our Ship, we set fifteen of our Men to Guard thirty of them, yet scarce thought our selves safe, and therefore put them all down in the Hold, and shut the Hatches upon them, setting six men with their Swords drawn, and Lamps burning all Night, to Watch them, making them come up one by one to Eat. This caution caused them to have such awe of us, that when I walk'd on the Deck, they ranged themselves on both sides to make way, falling on their Knees before me. One of them told us, That a *Chinois* Prophet predicted their Country should be invaded by Men with red Beards, and because mine was so, they were perswaded I was the chief Person meant by that Prophecie. They came every morning above Deck to Comb themselves: There was some among them, whose Hair was so long that it come down to their Heels when they stood upright, which they tyed in knots, and fastened with a Bodkin behind. We carried them to *Piscadoris*, which was the General Rendevouz of all the Prisoners, who were set to work on the Fortifications of the Fort.

Having been so long absent from my Native Country, I was now desirous to return home again, and hearing that the Ship called the *Good Hope*, was bound for *Batavia*, I desired leave of the General to return to *Holland*, which at length, with some difficulty, I obtained, and set Sail with the first opportunity, in company of two

Ships more, and coming toward the *Cape of Good Hope*, a great Tempest arose, so that I was forced to let down all my Sails, and give way to the Wind, which drove our Ship Southward, the two other Vessels following our Example, toward Midnight the Wind increased so violently, that we could not see what course to hold, for the Wind turned about the Compass. Our Main-mast was broke off and thrown into the Sea, This violent Storm or Hurricane continued about four hours, the Sea being not much moved by it, but the Wind, a little abating, it grew so rough and boisterous that we narrowly escaped being cast away: Our Decks took in so much Water, that we found it seven foot deep in the Hold. We had sixty pieces of Brass and Iron Cannon aboard, vyhich lay under the Pepper and Ginger, and rowling about ground several Bags of Pepper to Powder, which stop'd the passages of our Pump, and much indangered us; at length we cleared it, and falling stoutly to Pumping, were much encouraged when we found the Water abate. Our Main-mast, which was in the Water, beat strongly against our Ship, so that we feared it would much damnifie it, and obliged us to cut the Ropes that held it. Next Morning we discovered the *Middleburg*, one of our Company, which had lost all her Masts by the Tempest, but the other Ship we supposed was cast away, for we were carried into a place where the Sea was of a browvn colour, and vve drevv from thence a quantity of Pepper, vyhich confirmed us in our belief of her loss, to our great grief. The Captain of the *Middleburg* came in his long boat, desiring us to put out him

vvith some Mafts, which we concluded to do, much pitying his miserable condition, but the Seamen mutiny'd, and said, They had need of them themselves; but at length, with threats and fair Words, I prevailed with them, and so vve furnished them with what necessaries we had, and then left them, Sailing toward *Madagascar*. In Coasting which, we saw a certain place on the Land that burned; and soon after, finding a convenient Road, vve cast Anchor, and carried our Merchandizes ashore to dry them, and to repair the Ship. And seeing some of the Inhabitants, vve made them by signs understand vve vvanted a Mast, and they very obligingly directed us where to cut one down, which we did. Whilst we were thus imployed, the people hearing of our being there, came from all parts, bringing with them Cattle, Honey, Wax, and several Fruits, setting up Tents the more conveniently to Trade with us, telling us, They vv ere at War, and desired us to assist them, for vvlich we should have what we would desire, telling us, Their King spake *Spanish*, and kept his Court six miles from thence. We sent four persons to Treat with the King about some Rice; vvho received them kindly, but told them it was very scarce that year, the Locusts having spoiled it: Which might very well be, for I being one day far advanced into the Country, they rose from the ground like a Cloud, and fell upon me in such numbers, that I had much difficulty to breathe. They have Wings to fly; but when on the ground they leap like Grasshoppers. The King said he was forced sometimes to send two or three hundred men into the Fields to preserve

the Rice, but often to little purpose. Some of the Inhabitants pluck'd off their Wings, and boil'd and eat them, making signs to us to do the like, but we had no Stomach to them. The King having Treated our Men, came along with them to our Ship, and presented us with four Oxen, which we kindly received, and gave him two Muskets, who accepted them, and took his leave of us. Our Men were so pleased, they were loth to come away, but that I threatned them, if they staid, to return to *Batavia*; so they hastened to repair the Ship, which was ready to Sail in *April*. Most of the Inhabitants are black, some of them had their Hair dangling about their Shoulders, others wore it in little curles like Wool, the Women tye up theirs behind their Head; they rub themselves with Tar, and then stand in the Sun to make it shine on their Bodies. They go Naked, only some have a little cloth about their Secrets; others none.

We now resolved to depart, but two of our Seamen having deserted us, we sent to find them but could not; we supposed some Women had inveigled them away, who are great Lovers of *Dutch-men*, and we saw several Children half white: And surely had the Country abounded as well with Wine and Beer as it did with Women, we should not have got our Men so soon off from this Island. Therefore leaving them in this barbarous Country, we set Sail for the *Cape of Good Hope*, and so Sailing along the Coast of *Africa*, we at length arrived at *Kinsale* in *Ireland*, and *November 15. 1625.* after so many perils, misfortunes and deliverances, by
Gods

Gods Assistance we came safe to Zealand, seven years after our departure from thence.

The Distressed Hollanders at Nova Zembla.

SOME years since, two Ships were set forth by the Town of *Amsterdam*, to Sail into the North Seas, to discover the Kingdoms of *Cathay* and *China*, in which *William Barents* went as chief Pilot. The tenth of *May* we Sailed from *Amsterdam*: On the fourth of *June* we saw three Suns and four Rainbows; and *John Cornelison*, Master of the other Ship, with his Officers, came aboard our Ship, to perswade us to alter our course, which we refus'd to do, and so parted company. The Ninth of *September* our Ship was wholly enclos'd with Ice, on the Coast of *Nova Zembla*, so that we lay three or four Foot deep in the Ice, and seeing that we could not free our Ship, and that Winter was coming on, we resolv'd to Winter there, and cast our selves upon the Providence of God; and taking counsel together, we determin'd to build a House. Immediately eight of us went ashore, to find out the convenientest place to erect our House upon, and God in our extremest need sent us unexpected comfort, for we found certain Trees, which had been driven upon the shore from some Neighbouring Region, for we saw none growing in this Desert Land. And this Drift-wood serv'd not only to erect our House, but also to burn all the Winter long; which we laid in heaps, that it might not be cover'd over with Snow. The Wind being North-East

North-East it was exceeding cold, freezing two Fingers thick in the Salt Water. We made a Sled to draw the Wood to the place where we had concluded to build our House.

September 25. our Carpenter died, and we Buried him next day under the Sedges, not being able to dig up the frozen Earth. We began to Work hard on our House, being sixteen Men in all, whereof there was still one or other Sick; we then carry'd the greatest part of our Bread from the Ship to our House, and the day following brought ashore our Wine, and other Victuals. October 19. there being but two Men and a Boy in the Ship, a Bear endeavour'd by force to get into it, and though they shot at her with pieces of Wood, yet she advanc'd boldly, whereupon the two Men leapt into the Ballast, and the Boy climb'd to the Fore-mast top, to save their Lives; but in the mean time, some of our Men fir'd a Musket at her, and then she run away. The Twentieth being calm Sunshine Weather, we went to fetch the rest of our Beer out of the Ship, where we found some of the Barrells, and even their Iron Hoops, frozen in pieces. The next day it was so great a Snow, that we could not stir out of Doors; the day after being calm, we went on Board to bring the rest of our Men home to our House, but we found one of them sick, and perceiving that the Wind began to blow hard, we were forced to lye still that day. The Twenty fourth, the rest of our Men came to the House, drawing their sick Companion on a Sled, and then with great difficulty we drew our Boat home, and turn'd the bottom thereof upwards, that if God

in

in his Mercy should preserve us, we might make use of it, when time serv'd us.

The Sun in its highest Altitude began now to be very low, and we used all the diligence we could to fetch all necessaries out of the Ship, but when we had Laded the last Sled, our Master looking about him perceiv'd three Bears, coming towards us from behind the Ship, whereupon he cried out aloud to fright them away, and we put our selves in a posture of Defence, and, as good Fortune was, there lay two Halberds on the Sled, whereof the Master took one and I the other, and resisted them as well as we could, but the rest of our Men running to save themselves in the Ship, one of them fell in a Clift of Ice, which put us in great fear, lest the furious Animals should run to devour him, but they continued to pursue the Men that fled towards the Ship. In the mean time, we and the Man that fell in the Ice, taking our advantage, got into the Ship on the other side, which the Beasts perceiving, came fiercely towards us, and we doubting that the two Halberts would not be sufficient to defend us, still kept them in play by throwing Billets at them, and they, every time we threw, ran after them, as a Dog useth to do after a Stone that is cast at him: Mean vvhile vve sent one down under Hatches to strike fire, and another to fetch Pikes, but he could get no fire, and so vve could not shoot. At last, as they rush'd furiously upon us, vve struck one of them vvith a Halbert on the Snout, wherevvith feeling her self hurt she gave back, which the other two being less perceiving ran away, and left us at liberty to draw our Sled quietly to our House.

Oct. 27. it Snowed so fast that we could not Work without Doors : That day we kill'd a white Fox, which we Roasted and eat, it tasted like Conies flesh. We also set up a Lamp, in vvhich we burnt the Bears Fat. We then fetch'd Sedges from the Sea side, which we laid upon the Sail that was spread upon our House, for we could not drive the Deals close together for Ice; vve had great store of Snow, so that we durst not look out of doors all that day, nor the day following. *November 2.* one of our men kill'd a Fox with a Hatchet; before the Sun declin'd vve saw no Foxes, and then the Bears began to go from us. The fourth day was calm, and the Sun disappear'd. Then our Chyrurgeon made a Bath for us in a Wine-pipe, into vvhich vve enter'd one after the other, receiving great benefit thereby. The same day vve catch'd a Fox. When the Sun had forsaken us, vve saw the Moon continue both Day and Night.

The seventh day vvas so dark, we could hardly discern the Day from the Night, because our Clock stood still. The eighth, still Weather, we fetch'd another Sled of Fire-wood, and took a Fox. Now we shar'd our Bread, allowing to each Man four Pound and ten Ounces in eight days; our Flesh and Fish we shared not, because vve had greater store thereof, but our Drink failing, we were oblig'd to divide that also: Yet our best Beer had almost lost all its strength and became insipid, and besides there was a great deal of it spilt. The tenth day was calm, and our Men went into the Ship and found the Ballast cover'd with Water, which they could not Pump out because it was frozen. We made

a round thing like a Net of Cable-yarn to catch Foxes withal, and the same day caught one. We fear'd our Wine, of which each Man had for his allowance two Glasses a day, but our usual Drink was melted Snow.

The twentieth was fair still Weather; we Wash'd our Sheets, but the cold was so violent, that no sooner had we wrung them, but they froze so stiff, that we might have sooner torn them in pieces than open'd them, so that we were forc'd to put them into the Boiling Water again to thaw. We had now but seventeen Cheeses left, whereof one we eat amongst us, and the rest were distributed to every Man one. The same day we took Foxes in our new Springes: The twenty sixth, we were so clos'd up with Snow that we could not get out, but the twenty ninth being clear Weather, we open'd one of our Doors, Shoveling away the Snow, and making clean our Springes, and took a Fox, of whose skins we made Caps to defend our Heads against the extremity of the cold. The thirtieth being fair Weather, six of us went to the Ship well Arrid to see how it lay, and took a Fox alive under the Fore-Deck. Then for three days together the Snow fell in such abundance, that we could not stir out of the House, and were so tormented with smoke that we durst hardly make a Fire; and so we were forc'd to lye still in our Cabbins, heating Stones to warm our Feet.

In the mean time the Frost was so vehement, that the Walls and Roof of our House were covered with Ice two Inches thick, and because we could not get out, we set up a Glass of twelve hours, still watching to turn it up when

run out, lest we should miss our time. The fourth of *December* it clear'd up, and then we began by turns to dig open our Doors, and made clean our Fox-Traps. The sixth was foul again, and the cold so intupportable, that what Fire soever we made it would not warm us ; yea, our Sack was frozen so hard, that we were forc'd to melt it in the Fire, of which each man had about half a Pint allow'd him every second day, at other times drinking Water. The seventh continued foul and stormy, so that consulting together what were best for us to do, one of the company advis'd us to burn Sea-coals, which would cast a great and durable heat ; at Evening we made a great Fire thereof, which casting a good and agreeable warmth, comforted us much : And therefore being desirous to continue the heat, we concluded to stop up all the Doors and Chimney, and lying down in our Cabbins a while talking together, at last we were taken with a vertiginous dizziness in our Heads, and almost all stiff'd with a choaking Vapour. We first perceiv'd our danger by means of a Sick man, who was less able to bear it, and immediately some of the company that were strongest, starting out of their Cabbins, first open'd the Chimney and the Doors, but he that open'd the Door fell down in a Swoon upon the Snow, which I hearing, for my Cabbin was next the Door, I run to him, and throwing Vinegar upon his Face, brought him to his Senses again. No sooner were the Doors open, but we all recover'd our former Healths, and so the cold, which till now we had esteem'd as our bitterest and most dreadful Enemy, prov'd our best

best Friend, and the only Preserver of our Lives.

After this, the Master gave to every one of us a little Wine to comfort our Hearts, and the Weather being clear, and the Sky full of Stars, we set our Door wide open, and made ready our Springes, and took two Foxes. The eleventh the Air was clear, but so cold that our Shooes froze as hard as Horns on our feet, so that we could not wear them, and therefore made things resembling great Pattins, the upper part being of Sheeps skins, which we put on over three or four pair of Socks. Our Clothes were all white with Frost, yet we durst not burn more Coals, for our late misfortune had taught us, That to shun one danger we should run into another. We had now burnt all our Fire-Wood, but there lay some round about the House, which with great pain we dig'd up and brought in, Working by turns, being hardly able to endure the extremity of the Cold, though we wore Fox-skins about our Heads, and double Apparel on our Backs. The eighteenth being clear Weather, seven of us going to the Ship, found a Fox in the Cabbin, and observ'd that in eighteen days absence the Water was risen about a Finger high, but it was all Ice. Next day there arose such a Storm, that the House was enclosed with Snow, yet we heard the Foxes running over our House, and one of our company saying it was an ill sign we ask'd the reason; he reply'd, Because we could not put them into the Pot, or Roast them. The foul Weather and the cold were now so invincible, that all the means we us'd to defend our
selves

selves against it were to no purpose, and in the morning our Cabbins were all frozen, so that as the days began to lengthen, the cold began to strengthen, for *December 27.* it continued stormy and cold, so that as we sat by a great Fire and were ready to burn on the fore-side, our Backs were frozen white. The day after it clear'd up, and we open'd the Door, digging a hole through the Snow, and went out of the House upon seven or eight steps, each of the height of a Foot, and going to make clean our Springes, we found in one of them a dead Fox, frozen as hard as a Stone, which we brought into the House, and some of the company thaw'd and eat it. The thirtieth, next day, was stormy again, so that all our labour was in vain, and we were still Prisoners, and so cold, that we burnt our Hoses before we could feel the heat, and if we had not sooner smelt than felt them, we should have burnt them before we had known it.

The first day of the New-year, the Weather continued as cold, foul, and Snowy, as before, and we shar'd our Wine again, dividing it into smaller portions. We had almost burnt all our Wood, yet durst not go out to fetch more, but we found some pieces that lay over the Door, and also clove the Blocks whercon we us'd to beat our Stock-fish, but not daring yet to stir abroad to know from what point the Wind blew, we thrust a Half-pike out at the Chimney, with a little cloth or feather on the top, but to no purpose, for it was instantly frozen as hard as Wood. *January* the sixth was calm, so we dig'd our Door open, and carrying out the filth,

made every thing handsom, and fetch'd in Wood. We also dug a great hole in the Snow without the House, in which we might cast our filth; and after all our labour, remembring that it was *Twelfth-day*, we pray'd the Master to let us be merry that Night, and were content to spend some of the Wine that we had spared before, so that Night we drank to the three Kings, and having two pound of Meal, we made Pancakes with Oil, and a white Bisket for every Man, which we sop'd in Wine. We also made Tickets, and our Gunner was King of *Nova Zembla*. The eighth being fair Weather, we began to observe Day-light, which comforted us not a little. The tenth, seven of us well Arm'd went to the Ship, which we found in the same state we left it in, but observ'd many foot-steps of Bears, and perceiv'd that the Water was risen a foot higher in it. The eleventh being still fair, we adventured to go to a Hill, a quarter of a Mile off, from whence we brought some Stones to keep our feet warm in our Cabins. The fifteenth, six of us went aboard the Ship, and found a Springe that we had plac'd in a hole of the Fore-Deck to catch Foxes, lye in the middle of the Ship, all torn in pieces by Bears, as we perceiv'd by their foot-steps. The sixteenth was fair, and we went out now and then to exercise our Limbs, and stretch our Joints, with going and running, lest we should become Lame. About Noon we perceiv'd a certain redness in the Sky, a welcome Messenger of the approaching Sun, *Aurora* blushing to lye so long a Bed. The seventeenth, we had yet more comfortable tokens of the Suns

Neighbourhood, for the Air was somewhat warmer, and the Ice melted in our Cabbins, but the Night prov'd cold again, and our Wood consuming, we adventur'd to burn some Coals, keeping open the Chimney, and receiv'd no hurt thereby.

Now the Foxes began to fail us, which made us fear the return of the Bears, but it being fair, we went out again to cast the Bullet. Next day four of us went to the Ship, praising God for that the hardest part of the Winter was past over, and comforting our selves in the hopes of seeing our Native Country once again; when we were come thither, we found that the Water still rose higher. Two more went to the South-shore of *Nova Zembla*, and contrary to expectation, I first perceiv'd the edge of the Sun. Immediately we return'd to make the rest of our company partakers of these joyful Tydings, but Mr. *Barents* would not believe us, affirming that it was yet fourteen days too soon for the Sun to appear in that Climate, being in the Latitude of seventy six degrees; and many offer'd to lay VVagers about it. The two days following, the Air was over-spread with foggy Mists, so that we could see nothing, which made them that contradicted us insult over us, but upon the twenty seventh, the full Orb of the Sun appear'd above the Horizon, which manifestly justify'd our Assertion. This is a wonderful and surprizing effect of Horizontal Refraction.

The twenty fifth was again cloudy, and our VVagerers began to doubt of what they had seen the day before. VVe now perceiv'd a

Bear, having seen none all the time of the Suns absence; we cry'd out to fright her, and she ran away. But a dusky Cloud cover'd the Horizon, whereupon our incredulous Companions continued to mock us. In the Evening, one of our Company that had lain long Sick, felt himself extreemly ill, and apprehended the near approach of Death; we comforted him as well as we could, but he died that Night. Next morning we dig'd a hole, by turns, in the Snow, hard by the House, seven foot deep, in which we Buried our Companion; which done we went to Breakfast, and while we were at Meat, discours'd concerning the huge quantity of Snow that fell in this Icy Region. At last we resolv'd, if it fell out that we were again enclos'd, we would endeavour to get out through the Chimney; immediately our Master went to try vvwhether he could climb up that vvay, and vvwhile he vvvas scrambling up, one of our Men vvvent forth to see if he vvwere out or not, vvwho descrying the Sun, call'd us all out to behold that Glorious Light in his full roundness, a little above the Horizon; this put an end to our Controversie, and evidently confirm'd our first Assertion, hereupon vve all rejoyc'd, and return'd humble and hearty thanks to our Almighty Protector.

January 28. vve spent in various kinds of exercise, refreshing our dull and num'd Joints, but two days after vve vvwere again clos'd up vvwith a prodigious Storm of Snow. The last day of the Month vve made the Door clean, and going out vvwere comforted vvwith a sight of the Sun in its full Lustre; mean vvwhile vve savv a Bear coming towards us, but vvwhen vve shot at her

she ran avway. The first of *February*, a boisterous Storm made us again Prisoners; this discourag'd us again much, for hoping that the Sun vould have rid us of the foul VVeather, vve had made no great Provision of VVood. The third vve dig'd our Door open, but a thick and dark Mist cover'd the Sun; this day vve brought in some VVood vwith great pain. But the very next day vve vvere again shut up by the Snow, and so vvere forc'd to climb out at the Chimney to ease our selves. VVe vvere much perplex'd that vve could not enjoy the comfortable heat of the Sun that we had lately felt, and yer were forc'd to have patience till the eighth, before the fury of the Storm was over, and on the tenth we were sensible of that agreeable warmth we had so much long'd for.

The eleventh we saw a Bear, but she came not vvithin the reach of our Muskets, but the day following we shot one into the breast, as she came right before our Door, the bullet pass'd quite through her Heart, and came out at her Tail as flat as a shilling; the Beast feeling her self wounded leapt backwards, and run some five or six paces from the House before she fell: VVe coming up found her still alive, and when she saw us, she rear'd up her Head in a threatening manner, and we shot her twice in the body again before we adventur'd to touch her. Having drawn her home to the House we flay'd her, and took at least one hundred pound of fat out of her belly, which we melted to burn in our Lamp, and every Man had enough to burn a Lamp in his Cabbin, for Reading and other exercises, which before we could not do. This

was a great comfort to us in our dismal Habitation. Next day five of us went to the Ship, and found that the VVater did not increase much. The fifteenth we were again clos'd up, and on the morrow, being *Shrove-Tuesday*, we made merry in the middle of our sorrow and anguish, and every one of us drank a draught of VVine. The twenty second being clear VVeather, eleven of us well Arm'd for fear of the *Bears*, went to the place where we usually had our VVood, but not being able to dig it up, by reason that it lay so deep in the Snow, we were forc'd to go a little further, where we toil'd hard to get some, but returning home with the Sled, our strength fail'd us, for the long and sore misery that we had suffer'd, had so enfeebled us, and so much impair'd our bodies, that we were quite dishearten'd, and almost resolv'd to abandon our selves to the untimely Death that threaten'd us; but unavoidable necessity at length compell'd us to make another effort to proceed, and our hopes of better VVeather redoubled our fainting strength, and when we drew near to the House, we saw much open VVater in the Sea, which increas'd our hopes, and so at last, vvith great difficulty, we finish'd our irksom labour.

Next day we vv ere again clos'd up, yet vv ere constrain'd to get out for more VVood, which we brought home with no less difficulty than before, for one of our Companions had one of his Toes frozen off. VVe resolv'd to spare our Wood, exercising our selves, when it was day, vvith running, leaping, and walking. To them that lay in their Cabbins we gave hot stones to

warm them, and towards Night made a good Fire. The fourth of *March*, five of us going to the Ship, found that the Bears had open'd our Cooks Cup-board, that was cover'd over with Snow, and had drawn it out of the Ship. Three days after we were again shut up, but we were now us'd to climb up through the Chimney. The Storm continued two or three days, and we perceiv'd still more open Water in the Sea. Twelve of us went to fetch Wood, our pain and labour still increasing, because our strength decreas'd. When we came home, we intreated our Master to give each of us a Glas of Wine, which he did, and this not only comforted and reviv'd our drooping Spirits, but made us more willing and cheerful in performing our Laborious Tasks: Yet would we often say to one another, That if Wood might be had for Money, we would gladly part with all our Wages for it, for the cold was as piercing as in the depth of Winter, and daily increased rather than diminish'd, and therefore we made Shooes of Felt, for the Leather was frozen as hard as a Horn. The twenty first we brought home another Sled full of Wood, yet the cold was insupportable, and it froze very hard on the Roofs and Walls of our House, and the day after a storm enclos'd us, and then our Coals were very useful to us, but we dig'd our selves out two days after, and fetch'd home more Wood, the pinching extremity of cold having forc'd us to burn up all that we had. The twenty eighth, six of us went aboard the Ship, and found there many marks of the Ravenous Bears, one of them coming to our House; we

attempted to shoot at her, but the Weather being moist, and the cock foisty, the Piece would not give Fire, mean while the Beast advanc'd boldly forwards, and coming down the Stairs close to the Door, endeavour'd to break into the House. Our Master run to shut the Door, but being in great halte and fear, could not make fast the Bolt, but it pleas'd God that the furious Creature seeing the Door shut retir'd, yet within two hours after returning, she got upon the top of the House, and made such a hideous roaring and hellish noise, as fill'd us all with a pannick Terror, so that we verily believ'd she would have broken it down; she tore the Sail that cover'd it in pieces, but the darkness of the Night hindering us from seeing her, we made no resistance, and so at last she left us.

April 15. being calm, seven of us went aboard the Ship, and found it to be still in the same case, and as we return'd homewards, a great Bear came towards us; we put our selves in a posture to meet her, whereupon she gave back, and we observing the place from whence she came went to see her Den, where we found a great hole made in the Ice about two foot deep, the entry thereof was narrow, but it widen'd inward, we thrust in our Pikes to feel if there was any thing in it, but perceiving it was empty, one of our Men crept in, yet durst not proceed too far, for it was fearful and terrible. Then going along by the Sea-side, we saw the Mountains of Ice piled upon one another, in so wonderful a manner, that they appear'd like Icy Towns and Castles fortify'd with Towers and Bulwarks. The seventeenth,
seven

seven of us went again to the Ship, and from thence clamber'd over the Icy Hills to the open Water, and when we were got thither, saw a little Bird swimming, which as soon as it espy'd us div'd under Water. The thirtieth, in the Night, we saw the Sun North, just above the Horizon, and from that time had sight of it both Night and Day.

The first of May we drest our last Flesh, which we had long spared, and it was still very good, and the last Moriel tasted as well as the first; we then began to think that we had kept House long enough here, and to talk of our departure, and the Master considering that our best Meat began to fail us, when the Labour we were to undergo required the greatest strength, he shared the rest of the Bacon amongst us, which was only a small Barrel of Salt Bacon and Pickle, whereof every one had two Ounces a Day, and so in three Weeks it was all eaten up. The seventh Day we were yet once again clos'd up in our House: The fourteenth we fetch'd our last Sled of Fire-wood, still wearing our Rug-shoes. The twenty ninth in the Morning, ten of us were to bring our Scute to the House to clean it, and were fain, with extrem pain, to dig it out from under the Snow wherewith it lay cover'd, but beginning to draw it, we soon found our selves unable to proceed, by reason of our extraordinary feebleness. This quite disheartned us, but our Master encourag'd us, representing unto us that our Lives lay at the Stake, and that if we did not draw away, and fit out the Scute, we must resolve to continue Burghers of *Nova Zembla*,
E 5 and

and make our Graves there; but we were notwithstanding, constrain'd to give over at this time, and return home comfortless, yet in the Afternoon taking heart again, we determin'd to turn the Boat that lay by the House, and to amend it, that it might be fitter to carry us through the infinite number of dangers that threaten'd us, in the performance of so long and troublesome a Voyage. While we were busie at Work, a huge Bear assaulted us with greater fury and boldness than ever any had done before, but we got into the House, where we expected her coming in our three Doors with Harquebusses, and one stood with a Musket in the Chimney; at last the over-grown Beast advanc'd as far as the lowest step that entered into one of our Doors, and which is dreadful to relate, the Man that Watch'd there was at that instant looking towards another Door, and saw not his furious Enemy, till a sudden shout of these that perceiv'd her from within made him turn about: yet though the horrible sight of imminent Death struck him with terror and astonishment, he fir'd his Piece to so good purpose that he shot her quite through the Body, whereupon she run away. Thus did Divine Providence preserve us from this terrible danger, for if his Piece had fail'd him, it had cost us perhaps more Lives than one. The wounded Beast had not run far when she fell down, then we went and kill'd her out-right, and ripping open her belly found a piece of a Buck therein, skin, hair and all, which she had not long before devoured. It seems they smelt that we would soon be gone, and resolv'd to taste

a piece of some of us, for two days after another attack'd us, and that so fiercely, that we were forc'd to leave our Work and run into the House, whither also she pursu'd us, but we discharg'd three Pieces at her, which all hit her, but her Death did us more hurt than her Life, for we dress'd and eat her Liver, which pleas'd our taste very well, but made us all sick, especially three, who were in great danger of their Lives, yet they recover'd their Healths beyond all expectation, but lost their Skins from Head to Foot.

At last we got our Boat ready, after we had wrought six days upon it; and *June 4.* eleven of us drew the Scute to the Ship, and now our Labour seem'd lighter to us than formerly, perhaps because our hopes were stronger, and courage higher, and we had reckon'd to meet with no greater difficulties than we found, because the Snow now lay harder on the ground, but especially, the earnest desire and great pleasure we had to Work at that time, augmented our decay'd Spirits. We were forc'd before we could draw our Boats to the Sea, to make the way plain with Hatchets, Shovels, and other Instruments, for it was full of Hillocks and Mountains of Ice, and while we were thus busied, a great lean Bear assaulted us, who we judg'd came from *Tartary*, for we had seen of them twenty or thirty miles upon the Sea, and since we had only one Musket which our Surgeon carry'd, I run in great haste towards the Ship to fetch some; the cruel Beast pursued me close, and I expected to have been torn in pieces by her ravenous Teeth, when our compa-

ny seeing my danger follow'd her, which made her turn towards them and leave me, but in the mean time the Surgeon happily discharg'd his Piece and shot her into the Body, whereupon she run away, but the Ice being very uneven and full of knobs, we quickly overtook her, and killing her outright struck her Teeth out of her Head.

As we were ready to depart, *William Barents* our Pilot left a Letter in a Musket hanging in the Chimney, wherein he gave an account of our disastrous Voyage, and how we had lain ten months in that desolate, dark and dismal Country, and at last were forc'd to commit our selves to the cruel Mercy of that Icy Sea, in two small Boats, under the protection of our Almighty Creator. So having finish'd all things as we determin'd, we drew the Boat and Scute, and eleven Sleds of Goods and Victuals, to the Water-side; we then divided our selves equally into the Boats, and recommending our safety to the abundant Mercies of our Heavenly Guide, with a West North-west Wind, and indifferent open Water, we put to Sea on the thirteenth day of *June*. The twentieth of the same month our Pilot Mr. *Barents* died, the loss of whom dishearten'd us not a little, as being the only Guide, on whose Conduct, next under the Providence of God, we relied. At last, after innumerable dangers, and as many miraculous deliverances, having Sail'd almost four hundred *Dutch* miles along the Coast, we enter'd the River of *Coola* in *Lapland*, on the first of *September*, and when the Flood was past, we cast our Stones that serv'd us for Anchors aground,

till the Tyde came in again, and then set Sail till Midnight, and after that Anchor'd till morning: There rowing up the River, as we past along we saw some Trees, which comforted us as much as if we had enter'd into a new World, for all the time that we had been out we had seen none. At length we got to a *Dutch Ship*, which we had news of some days before, little dreaming it was our Consort, that the year before set out with us, and left us about the Bear Island. There we began to make merry with our old Companions, and bid each other welcome; then we rowed forward, and Landed at *Coola*. Here with the Governors leave, we brought our Scute and Boat to the Merchants House, and set them up for a Monument, of our tedious (and never before Sailed) Voyage. The seventeenth of *September* we set Sail from thence, and on the twenty ninth of *October* arrived in the *Maeſe*, and on the first of *November* got to *Amsterdam*, in our *Nova Zembla* Clothes, and Caps furr'd with white Foxes Skins, and were received by our Friends as if we had come from the Dead, they having given us over for lost a long while before. *Metallick History of the Netherlands. De Veer's Relation.*

The disastrous Voyage, and miraculous Deliverance of P. Quirini a Venetian.

A *Venetian Ship*, in which were above seven hundred Buts of Wine, Spices and other Merchandizes of great value, with sixty eight Men, set Sail from *Candia*, the Maister *Piero Quirini*; on the sixth of *November*, we came by

chance into the Mouth of the Channels of *Flanders*, and were driven by a storm from the South towards the North-west. The fury of the Winds was so great, that it broke five of the Hinges off our Rudder, and the storm hourly increasing, beat upon our feeble Rudder with such violence, that it hung on the one side; wherefore, for the last Remedy, we fasten'd a great Cable to it, with which we drew it after us three days, in which time, in our judgment, we had run above two hundred Miles against our wills. Afterwards, with many pieces of Timber, we made a shadow of another, and fitted it to the Ship; but this also was carried away by the breaking Surges, on the twenty sixth of this month, so that then we lost all hopes of directing our Ship. On the fourth of *December*, the Winds grew so outrageous that they carried away our third Sail, and so we wander'd at adventure, not knowing by what means to provide for our safety. Afterwards the rage and violence of the Winds increasing, the Sea began to swell so high, that the Waves seem'd Mountains, and our Terror was augmented by the darkness of the extream long Nights, so that we seem'd to be swallow'd up in the bottomless Depths of the Abyss: It's hard to imagine how great the anguish and trembling of our hearts was, living in a continual expectation of Death. In the middle of this horrible darkness, we sometimes saw the Heavens as it were open'd, with sudden flashes of dazzling Lightning: Sometimes we seem'd to touch the Stars, and at other times saw our selves buried in Hell, insomuch that we lost both Strength

Whilst we remain'd useleſs Spectators of this woeful Tragedy, pitifully beholding one another, a rolling Billow came over the Ship with ſo great fury, that it was fill'd almoſt half full of Water, ſo that ſhe turn'd up her Keel, and lay as if ſhe had been ready to ſink: But Heaven forſaketh not them that Religiouſly call upon him, and ſtrengthen'd our ſorrowful hearts. We cut down the Main-maſt, and threw it over-board, together with the Main-yard and Tackling, which eaſed the Ship very much, ſo that we began to caſt out the Water, which at laſt we over-came, though not without great difficulty and pain. The day appearing, we agreed to make ready the Boat and Skiff, and parted equally our ſmall remainder of Proviſions; forty two perſons were willing to enter into the Skiff, and therefore we were forc'd to caſt Lots who ſhould go therein, it being capable only of one and twenty. The Maſter and forty ſeven more enter'd the Boat, unto whom ratably fell their proportion of Victuals. We were, in our judgment, diſtant from the neareſt Land or Iſland, above five hundred miles, and then came to Sail in a quiet Sea for ſome time; but a dark Miſt ariſing in the Night we loſt ſight of the Skiff, and never ſaw it more. The Morning appearing, we were much troubled that we could ſee no tokens of the Skiff, which made us fear the worſt, and ſuſpect what had beſaln them, for the Storm was ſo furious, that an impetuous Billow ruſhed into the Pinnacle behind the Poop, where I was, with ſo great violence, that two Stays were batter'd and bent by the vehemency of the Shock, which fill'd our hearts with con-

sternation and terror, for now was the Pinnace more charged with the weight of the Water than with her own burthen; but Necessity set us all a working, and fear of so imminent a danger made the feeblest of us bestir themselves, and fall to lading it out with their hands, and being in a dreadful hurry, we threw over-board all that lay in our way. As soon as we had drain'd the Pinnace, the Storm continuing, we agreed to cast out some Casks of Wine to lighten her, which we did with so great haste and precipitancy, that we had soon reduc'd our selves to such extremity, that if we desir'd to taste of that chearing Liquor, to restore our drooping Spirits, we were forc'd to content our selves with one Goblet apiece every day, which was all that could be allowed to each of us; and if any could not satisfie his parch'd Throat with this, he was constrain'd to have recourse to the brackish Liquor, that threaten'd to swallow us up every moment.

But all this was Luxury in respect of what our cruel Destinies reserv'd for us, this Measure of Wine held out only a Week with us; at the end of which, our tormenting fears quite exhausting our small store, constrain'd us to diminish our proportion to half a Goblet a day each Man. Thirst was not the only, nor greatest Misery that attended our deplorable and forlorn Company, perpetual Terror, and distracting Doubts, did so disturb our afflicted Minds, that we could never compose our selves securely to sleep, and notwithstanding our torturing Limbs were hardly able to sustain our sinking Bodies, we were forc'd to tug hard

Night and Day, both, at Helm and Pump, being at the same time almost frozen to Death with intolerable cold, which was incomparably more grievous than that which, to the admiration of all Men, not many years ago cover'd all the Channels at *Venice* with thick and impenetrable Ice. And now the compassionate Reader may consider how lamentable our case was, we wanted Clothes to fence us from the pinching cold, our Meat and Drink fail'd us, and we remain'd amidst the Horrors of an unknown and stormy Ocean, destitute not only of all comforts, but even of necessities to sustain our fainting Bodies; and lest any thing should be wanting to compleat our Misery, the Nights were twenty one hours long, and very dark. The growing cold now began to produce terrible effects of its cruelty among us, we were all of a sudden seized with a certain numbness, which began at our Feet, and then gradually ascending over-run our whole Bodies, causing in us a disorder'd and raging appetite, which was no small addition to our Sorrow, for every Man endeavour'd to filch what he could from his Neighbour, and Ransacking every corner greedily, devour'd all he could find. Then did Death Tyrannize among us, and you might see here one, and there another, breathe out a broken sigh, shake his giddy Head, and fall down dead on a sudden. In which extremity, of forty seven Men which made up our desolate Company, twenty six gave up the Ghost, and this was so far from being a Wonder, considering our helpless condition, that it was certainly a Miracle of Divine Bounty, that any of us were preserv'd

serv'd alive to Celebrate the never-failing goodness of our Almighty Deliverer, and exalt the Glory of his power. These twenty six died between the twenty third of *December* to the fifth of *January*, and found their Graves in the bottom of the merciless Ocean.

And now the last day of this disastrous year presented us with a dismal prospect of unavoidable Ruine, for our little stock of Wine was wholly exhausted, and the sad experience of our dead and dying Companions taught us, that the Sea-water with which we were wont to delude the intolerable fury of our Thirst, did only hasten our approaching Death; so that, not knowing what to do, we forc'd our own Water down our Throats. How deplorable and heart-breaking an object was it to see some gasping Wretches, whose parcht Entrails refus'd to furnish any moisture, with dying groans and rueful looks, imploring the favour of a small draught of the Urine of their Companions, who, either unwilling to part with what they fear'd would quickly be spent, or rather unable to spare any from themselves, refus'd to save the Lives of their dearest Friends, at the expences of a small quantity of that unsavory Liquor, which was the only means left to preserve their own. 'Tis true, some of us had the prudence to temper it with a little Sirrup of Green Ginger and Lemons, which by Providence was not yet consum'd. At last, when there was no hopes left, when Despair and Paleness were painted on our hollow Cheeks, and the Grim King of Terrors in the most frightful shape star'd us in the Face, then did our pitiful Redeemer stretch forth his helping

helping Hand, and on the third of *January* 1431. we descry'd Land afar off, being a ledge of ragged Rocks, cover'd to the top with huge Mountains of Snow, and lying to the weather of us : But it seems Fortune still ow'd us a spite, for the Winds being contrary we durst not spread our Sails, and our feeble Arms were altogether unable to manage the Oars, so that a strong current driving us along, we lost sight of Land and all our Hopes together. But magnified be the wonderful Goodness of our God, we escaped safe out of a Deluge of Dangers, in which we were almost over-whelmed, for having been long toss'd and batter'd by the Cruelty of outrageous Gusts, among the Death-threatening points of lurking Rocks, which by reason of the horrible darkness of the tedious Night we could not avoid ; at last, fear of Death, and desire of Life, inspiring us with unwonted Vigour, we enter'd into a Bay between two steep Rocks. No sooner did our Pinnacle touch upon the Sand, but five of our men made desperate by tormenting Thirst, leap'd into the Sea, without knowing the depth thereof, which was considerable, and making haste towards the Snow, thrust such great quantities down their insatiable Throats, that they seem'd to delight in glutting themselves therewith ; at length they return'd Laden with huge quantities thereof, which we also gulp'd down very greedily.

Now from the time that we left the Ship, until *January* 6. being eighteen days, we made account, according to our best Judgments, that we had run two thousand five hundred miles

at least, without seeing Land, for Sailing all that time between the East and North-east points of the Compass, we never had less Wind than after the rate of six miles in an hour. On the forementioned day, being the Feast of *Epiphany*, Nineteen of us went ashore on this desolate and barren Island, called the *Isle of Saints*, which lies on the Coast of *Norway*, and belongs to the King of *Denmark*, leaving only two men to look to the Boat: Being Landed, we retired to a place that was cover'd from the fury of the piercing Winds, and kindled a Fire by means of a Tinder-Box and an Oar, the sight of which was very comfortable to us. But perceiving that this Island was Uninhabited, we resolv'd to go to another, which we descry'd about five miles distant. But alas! our Pinnace was so Leaky, that despairing to be ever able to fit her out for the Sea again, we drew her not without great pain to Land, and determin'd to make a little Hovel of her, to shelter us from the violence of the Weather. To accomplish which, we divided her into two parts, of the first and greater of which we made a Shed for Thirteen of us, and of the lesser another for the rest, covering them with part of our Sails; and reserving the remainder, with the Cordage, for Fuel, to comfort our frozen Limbs. And now being utterly destitute of all Sustainance to preserve our wretched Lives, we wander'd along the shore to gather some small quantity of *Periwinkles* and *Barnackles*, which by chance we found there, and removing the Snow in some places we found certain Herbs, which we boiled with Snow in our Caldron, and then eat them through extreme Necessity.

Thus did we live for thirteen days together, if I may call that Life which was spent in perpetual agonies and terrors, and deserveth rather the Name of a lingering Death. In the middle of these extremities, four of our Companions of the greater Shed, unable to hold out longer, under the insupportable weight of misery that overwhelm'd us, gave up the Ghost, notwithstanding all the pains that our poor afflicted Master took to provide some small remedies and comforts, both for their Souls and Bodies. Our feebleness was so extream, that we were not able to remove their worn and rotten Carcasses two yards, the sight whereof was as grievous and lamentable as the stench was contagious and noisome. Now was Nature so much decay'd in us, that we could not retain the little Food we had provided, and no sooner poured a little melted Snow down our Throats, but we presently cast it up again, and yet were not able to abstain from it, which so weaken'd us that our Legs could hardly sustain us; and withal, the cold was so pinching, that to preserve our selves from being frozen, we were forc'd to stand so close crowded together, that we seem'd to be sew'd to one another. We had cover'd our Cottages with our Sails round about down to the ground, without leaving any vent-hole for the Smoke, which arose in such abundance, and so thick, from the pitched Wood of our Pinnacle, being all the Fuel we had, that our Eyes were so swoln therewith, we could not see one another, and yet were willing to endure any thing rather than to expose our selves to the more intolerable cold. In the mean

time we were almost eaten up by Vermine, for we never shifted our Clothes, and the Lice swarm'd upon us in such numbers, that we call them by whole handfuls into the Fire; yet they not only gnaw'd off our Flesh, but pierc'd even to the Bones, and at last eat their way to the very Bowels of a Young-man of our company, a Notary by Calling, who expir'd in unexpressible Torments. All this could not humble our Pride, nor mortifie the contentious haughtiness of our Minds; our common Calamity could not unite us together, nor make us bear with one anothers Infirmities. So that Charity waxing cold, and discord arising among us, part of our Company wandring about the Savage and Uninhabited Island, came to the knowledge of a lonely retiring place, made by some Shepherds to shelter themselves during their abode there; it was seated in the highest part of the Western Coast of the Island, distant from our Huts about a mile and a half. To this six of the eight that remain'd in the greater Cottage determin'd to withdraw, leaving their two Companions alone in their desolate and abandon'd Habitation, they being neither able to Travel, nor the others to conduct them to this New-found Dwelling.

But now to confirm the Truth of that promise, *That every thing shall turn to the good of those that put their Trust in God*, he sent us an exceeding great Fish, to which I know not what Name to give, whether *Whale* or *Sea-Porpoise*. When we saw it cast upon the shore, dead, yet fresh, great and good, and at a time when we despair'd of all relief, we could not but acknow-

ledge it to be an amazing effect of the Divine Bounty towards us, and praise the never-failing Mercy of God, in sending us such seasonable and comfortable Nourishment for our enfeebled and diseased Bodies. On this Fish we feasted for nine days together, and to heighten our grateful sense of this wonderful Providence, and make us relish the sweetness thereof more fully, it happened that these nine days were so Tempestuous, with Wind, Rain and Snow, that the cruel Storm would not have permitted us to stir one foot out of our Cottage. The miraculous Fish being spent, the fury of the Tempest was somewhat mitigated, wherefore not having wherewithal to sustain Life, and oppressed with extream hunger, we Ranlack'd every Clift of the desert Rocks to seek for some Relief, and at last found a few *Sea Periwinkles* and *Barnacles*, with which necessity constrain'd us to be contented; and with this slender nourishment we maintain'd our selves until the last of *January*. While we were thus wandring about, lean, pale, afflicted and half Dead, we found some Oxes Dung dried and baked by the Cold and Winds, whereof we gathered every day sufficient to make a small Fire. By this we came to know that the place was frequented by Oxen, which gave us some hopes of finding an end of our misery, and in the strength of this comfortable assurance, we were better enabled to endure our insupportable Sorrow and Anguish; at length the long look'd for hour came, wherein our compassionate Lord vouchsafed to conduct his little afflicted Flock into the Haven of their desired safety, whose Hand was evidently seen

Two young Heifers had stray'd the year before from a certain Fisher-man, living in *Rusten*, an Island five miles distant from the *Savage Isle of Saints* wherein we were, and he had long ago given over all hopes of ever finding them again: Now it happen'd that on the first of *February*, at Night, one of the Fishermans Sons, a Youth of sixteen years of Age, Dreamed that certainly the two Heifers were still alive, and were got over to the Western point of the *Island of Saints*, whereupon he earnestly besought his Father and elder Brother, that they would accompany him to that place, who yielding to his importunate intreaties, they all three enter'd into a Fisher-Boat, and Rowed towards the said point, where they were no sooner Landed but they descry'd a Smoke arising from the Habitation which they had formerly used, which surpriz'd them with great astonishment, whence and by what means so strange an accident could come to pass, so that they stood a great while much amazed; and at last, endeavouring to guess at the cause thereof, they began to talk to one another. But though we heard the sound of their Voices, yet we could not imagine whence it should proceed, and thought on nothing less than the truth, but judg'd it to be the crying of Crows, and not the Voice of Humane Creatures; and we were the rather induced to entertain this conceit, because not many days before we had beheld an infinite number of these ravenous Birds, preying upon the miserable Carcasses of eight of our Companions that lay expos'd to Wind and Weather, and often

heard them rend the Air with their harsh Notes. At last we were sensible of our Error, and plainly distinguished the Voices of Men, and immediately *Christophoro Fiorovanti*, one of our Company, went forth, and seeing two young striplings, return'd shouting for Joy with the welcome News, saying, *Be of good cheer, behold two Men come towards us.* These words put new Life in us, so that we began to try whether we had yet forgot to run, though indeed our hearts sustain'd us rather than our Legs; as we drew near to the Young-men, we perceiv'd that they were dismay'd with the unexpected strangeness of the sight, and that a sudden paleness began to over-spread their Faces, but on the contrary we took Courage, and being comforted with a certain hope, gave them to understand, by the humblest Gestures which we could make, that we came not with a design to offend them. Then did we begin to deliberate what might be the best course for us to take, divers uncertain and fleeting resolutions were suggested to our Minds, and we were perplexed with a thousand doubts. Sometimes we determin'd to detain one or both of them, but soon forsook that rash resolution, nor knowing with whom, nor how many we had to do. Then we advised together, whether one or more of us should venture to go along with them, and this determination also was not without its difficulties; for we were afraid to hazard our selves among strangers, whose Language we were ignorant of, and they of ours. At last, casting off all fear, and committing our selves to the gracious protection of God, we went down to their Boat.

in the most amicable manner possible, and in friendly and humble wise saluted the Old man, who stood there expecting his Sons, and was no less astonish'd to see us than they had been. In the mean time our hunger was so pressing, that we could not forbear to search in the Boat, whether happily we might find any thing to relieve our necessity, but to no purpose, for we could meet with nothing.

The pitiful strangers perceiving by our actions, and the signs we made, that we were almost starv'd for want of sustenance, were moved to compassion, and chearfully agreed to carry along with them two of our Company, *Ghirardo di Lione* a Sewer, and *Cola di Otrunto* a Mariner, who spoke *French* and *High-Dutch*, leaving us in great hopes of speedy assistance. As they drew near to *Rusten*, the amazed people came running to the Sea-side, gazing upon the strange Countenances and unusual Garb of our Companions, and questioning one another, how and from whence they were come thither. To satisfy their curiosity, they attempted to discourse with them in sundry Languages, but at last a *German Priest*, of the Order of the *Predicators*, spoke to one of them in *High-Dutch*, by whom they were certified who we were, from whence we came, and how we were cast upon the *Desart Island*; and all this the Priest published to the people next morning, earnestly exhorting them to have compassion on our necessitous condition, and relieve us according to their Abilities. Which had so good effect, and found the Spirits of the people so much dispos'd to pity, that the day following, being the third of *February*,

bruary, the kind *Rusteners* came to us that were left in Courteous manner, bringing along with them plenty of Provisions to refresh our feeble bodies, and very affectionately invited us to their Habitations. We embraced their offer'd kindness with a thankful willingness, and with glad Hearts accompanied them to their Hospitable Island, where we were receiv'd with unaffected Sincerity, and entertained with great plenty of Restorative Food, the exceeding abundance whereof had like to have prov'd fatal to us, for we could not restrain our selves from obeying our craving Appetites, neither could we ever satiate our selves with feeding; but neither were our weak Stomachs able to concoct, nor decay'd Nature to bear so unusual a Load of Meat, so that what we eat to sustain Life, had almost brought us to an untimely Death.

There were yet remaining two of our Company in the *Isle of Saints*, whom we had left in the greater of our Cottages, and who were ignorant of our miraculous Succour; wherefore we inform'd our kind Friends of their helpless condition, and likewise of our eight deceased Companions, who lay rotting above ground. Whereupon they assembled themselves together, and went with the Priest, Singing Psalms and Hymns, as well to Bury the Dead as to rescue the Living; when they were arriv'd at the desolate Island, they Interr'd the Bodies of the eight deceased persons, to which number one of the two remaining was now added, whom they likewise buried: And you may easily imagine in how sad a plight they found the other poor Wretch, who had been thus utterly de-

priv'd both of Humane Society and Sustenance yet he was brought to *Rusten*, with some little remainders of Life, where at the end of two days, he found an end of his miseries in Death. Eleven of all our numerous Company were saved, and came alive into this Island, among vvhom vvas our Malter *Piero Quirini*, a person of consummate prudence, and discreet humility, of vvwhich he gave a notable instance vvhen he enter'd into the House of our affectionate and charitable Host; for seeing his Wife, in testimony that he acknowvledg'd her to be Mistress of that Life vvwhich her Husband had preserv'd, he cast himself dovvn at her Feet, but she refusing so great submission, Courteously lifted him up from the ground, and kindly embracing him vvith her ovvn Hand, gave him somevvhat to Eat. With these loving and Hospitable people vve abode three months and eleven days, expecting to have passage into *Sweden* vvith our Host, vvithin he intended to go vvith his usual Freight of Stock-fish, for every year in the month of *May*, the people of this Island Travel to *Sweden*, vvith mighty plenty of that Commodity, vvith vvwhich they furnish a great part of that Kings Dominions.

At last, on the fourteenth of *May* 1432. came the happy Hour, in vvwhich, after so tedious and lamentable an Exile, vve set our Faces homeward, and began our Journey tovwards our beloved Native Country. So vve took our leave of our Charitable Hostess, and all our other affectionate Friends, leaving vvith her for a Token of our Love, not vvhat her kindness deserv'd, or vvhat Justice and Gratitude oblig'd

us to have given, but vvhat the merciless Sea had left us, which was only a few Trifles, as Cups, Girdles, and some small Rings, and express'd the grateful sense we had of so many, and so signal Favours, with the best and moit hearty Eloquence we were Masters of, to the Priest, our Interpreter, by Words, and to the people by Signs. Having thus perform'd all due Salutations, we Embarked in a small Vessel of the burthen of twenty Tuns, Laden with Fish, in which our Host went also Master and Pilot, and the Ships Crew consisted of his Sons, and other Kindred. We set Sail then on the fore-mentioned Day, directing our course towards *Bergen*, which was the first convenient Haven for Unlading and Vending our Fish, and distant from *Rusten* about a thousand miles. These Fisher-men conducted the Bark safely, and with great ease, through various Channels, with which, and all the Currents in them, they were perfectly acquainted, so that our Voyage prov'd very commodious to us. When we were about two hundred miles off *Rusten*, we found certain Relicks of the Wreck of our Skiff, which certify'd us of the sad Fate of our Companions that were aboard her; and we concluded, they perished the first Night we lost sight of them. The twenty ninth of *May* 1432. we arriv'd at *Tronden*, a Town upon the Coast of *Norway*, and the Royal Seat of the King of *Denmark* when he resides in those parts, and the Burial place of the famous Saint and King *Olaus*. Here we abode ten days, waiting for some conveniency to continue our Voyage, but finding none, were unwilling to lose more time,

and therefore determin'd to proceed on our Journey by Land; but first we took our final leave of our bountiful and charitable Patron and Host, and his Company, instead of rewards offering him only our sincere thanks, and hearty prayers to God for him.

The ninth of *June* we departed from *Tronden*, Travelling on foot towards *Vastena*, a Town within the limits of *Sweden*, but under the Dominion of the King of *Denmark*, where we understood, by two of our Country-men, whom to our great joy and comfort we found there, that the Inhabitants (for the reverend respect they bore to the memory of their Glorious Monarch *St. Olaus*, unto whom (as they well knew) the *Republick of Venice* shewed extraordinary Favour and Courtesie, when he past through that City in his Voyage to, and Return from *Palestine*) were affectionately dispos'd to assist us both with Counsel and Money. And indeed, we were not frustrated of our Hopes, receiving very loving Entertainment among them, and were inform'd that if we continued our Journey directly forwards, we should expose our selves to infinite dangers, and the continual assaults of Wild Beasts, and therefore they advised us to go to *Stichimborgi*, although it would be no less than thirty days Journey out of our way, where we should find a Valiant and Noble *Venetian* Cavalier *M. Giovanni Franco*, who would not fail to receive us graciously, and assist us plentifully with all Necessaries for our Journey. Following this Advice, we set forwards, and on the eighteenth day arriv'd at the Court of that Honourable and Valorous Baron, who

who being inform'd of us, came to receive us with a chearful Countenance, and shewed us so great favour, that we soon perceived his Noble Heart was full of Love to his Country. We had no sooner in an humble manner acquainted him with all our Calamities, and present Necessitous condition, but he bid us be of good Comfort, for he was abundantly able to relieve us; and indeed, he could not satisfie himself with heaping honours and benefits upon us, and entertaining us splendidly. He also fill'd our Purfes with Money, and furnish'd us with good Horses; yea, in his own proper person, together with *M. Mapheo* his only Son, and one hundred and twenty Horsemen of his Domestick Servants, he brought us on our way for several days Journeys, through his Territories, Traveling always with all this great Company at his own Charge. Being come to the Confines of his Land, we took our leave to depart, yielding him our mo't humble and hearty thanks for his unparallel'd bounty to us. At his departure he left his Son to be our Guide, with an Attendance of twenty Horsemen, who kept us company all the way to *Vastena*, from whence we came about forty days before, and where we arrived on the thirtieth of *July*. We abode here till the second of *August*, maintain'd at free-cost by *M. Mapheo*, and then humbly taking our leaves of him, and presenting him with our ordinary Retribution for received benefits, Thanks, we set forwards on our Journey, directing our Course to *Ladesse*, where we arrived on the eleventh.

Here we found opportunity of passage in two

Vessels, one bound for *England*, and the other for the *Low-Countries*, and agreed for the greater conveniency, to divide our selves into two Companies ; in the latter Ship went *Christophoro Fioravante* one of the Council of our Unfortunate Vessel, *Girardo da Lione* the Sewer, *Nicola de Michiel* a *Venetian* Notary, (and Writer of one of the two Relations out of which this Account is compiled) who Landing at *Rostoch*, after many troublesome and dangerous Adventures, Travelling sometimes on Foot, and sometimes on Horseback, by the merciful Providence of Almighty God, arrived at *Venice* in good Health, leaving *Girardo da Lione* at *Vasenech*, from thence to continue his Journey to his own Native Country. Among these who embark'd in the Ship bound for *England*, being in all eight persons, were the *Sieur Quirini*, Son of Mr. *Facomo* a *Venetian* Gentleman, Master of the unhappy Ship, who said, that when he set foot on the *English* shore, it seem'd unto him that he receiv'd new Life, and that he was come out of Hell ; he visited *Cambridge*, where a charitable person gave him sixteen Crowns, and abode two months in *London*. In the same Ship went *M Piero Gradenico*, Son of *M Andrea*, a young Merchant of the Age of eighteen years, and *Bernardo de Caghire* our Pilot, whose Wife being young, hearing no News of her Husband in so long time, believ'd certainly that he was Dead, and without mature deliberation Married another Husband at *Trevifo* ; but hearing of our arrival, and being inform'd that her former Husband was still alive, she immediately dissolv'd the Bond of her second Marriage, and retir'd

retir'd into a Nunnery, to testifie the honesty of her Intentions, where she expected the return of her true Husband, who about three months after arriv'd at *Venice*, and receiv'd her again for his Wife.

The Perilous Adventure.

THE News of the War that was declared between *France* and *England* in the year 1666. coming to the *West-Indies*, the *English* being Masters of the Isle of *Antego*, issued out Orders, forbidding, under pain of Death, some *French* that lived among them, to go out of the Limits of their Habitations; notwithstanding which prohibition, *Urban de Frecede*, Lord of *Grand Maison*, resolved to hazard his Life to regain his Liberty. The Attempt was very bold, and he expos'd himself to a thousand dangers, for there was an absolute Necessity to find out some resolute Companions to carry off a Boat, and make Provision of Victuals, and all this in a place where the *French* were look'd upon as Enemies, and as such diligently observ'd; but the desire of Liberty made this daring person over-look all those difficulties, which in themselves appear'd unsurmountable. He pitch'd upon two of his own Nation to be his Companions, of whom one was a Carpenter, and with joint-consent they determin'd to carry off a small Shallop, which was Chain'd to a Stake within sight of an *English Corps du Guard*. And because they us'd to Lock up the Oars every Night, the Carpenter undertook to make new ones, and *Grand-Maison* took upon himself the

care of making necessary Provisions. The Night appointed for the Execution of the Enterprize being come, our three Fugitives, and two Negro's, whom they had gain'd, carried their Provisions to the Sea-side, to the place whither they had resolv'd to bring the Shallop. About Mid-night the bold Chirurgeon, accompanied with the Carpenter and a Negro, who carried the Oars, came to the place where the Boat lay, and the Carpenter having saw'd asunder the Post to which it was fasten'd, they carry'd it off with so little noise, that they were not heard by the Centry, and without any molestation brought it to the place of Rendezvous. Most part of the Night was employed in this Work, and in carrying on Board the slender Provision of Victuals, that *Grand-Maison* was able to furnish, so that having Embark'd themselves, and endeavouring by force of Rowing to get clear of the hated shore, they were surpriz'd, when by the glimmering light of the Morning they discover'd that Land, which they endeavour'd to shun, but half a League distant. This oblig'd them to retire into the *Island of Birds*, a Desert place, and of difficult access. At Sun-set our dismay'd Company put to Sea again, endeavouring to double the East point of the *Isle of Antego*, that they might afterwards gain that of *Guadeloup*; but they were astonish'd to find next morning, that all their Efforts had been in vain against the strength of the Current, and that they were not advanc'd above a League. Their weariness and fear of being discover'd by those that were upon the Watch on the rising Grounds of *Antego*, which was in possession of the *English* oblig'd

them to Land in a place that was over-grown with Trees, amongst which having hid their Boat, they search'd all around for fresh Water and Herbs, though with little success, for the Sea swelling mightily in the Night, had dash'd against their Boat, and so wet their *Cassave* Bread, that it was altogether unfit to be eaten; so that they had nothing left to feed upon but a little Salt Pork, and only one Pot of Water to Drink, with a little *Aqua-vitæ*, made of Sugar Canes.

At Night they put to Sea again, steering the same course that they held the foregoing Night, but had not got above a League from the shore, when they found themselves in the middle of several Rocks lurking under Water, upon which they struck so dangerously, that it was a Miracle they were not buried in the Waves. Want of Water and Victuals, and the breaking of their Rudder, constrained them to go ashore on an Uninhabited Isolet, where they found some Fruits of the Country, and enough fresh Water to fill one of their Barrels. They found also the Wrecks of a Boat that had been cast away there, of which they made a new Rudder, or else they could not have possibly gain'd any of the *French Isles*. In the beginning of the Night they left this Green Rock, and steer'd towards *Guadeloup*, hoping to touch there in the Morning, but the day surpriz'd them again on the Coast of *Antego*; but the Tide was so strong, that the Boat had like to have been driven forcibly upon the North-west side of the Island, where were the principal Fortresses of their Enemies, and therefore they labour'd with

all their might to save themselves from falling into their dreaded hands. When they saw themselves at a reasonable distance from the shore, they began to consult about their Affairs; Water and Victuals fail'd them, their Strength was also much lessen'd, and their Spirits almost Exhausted by the Fatigues which they had undergone.

Therefore *Grand-Maison* was of opinion, that it would be their best course to endeavour to gain the *Island of St. Christopher*, which lay to the Lee-ward, whither they might easily go with full Sails. This Advice was unanimously followed, but having no Sails, they were at a stand what to do, when *Necessity*, the Mother of Invention, taught them to make use of a Hammock, or Cotton-Bed, which they had in the Shallop, and the Carpenter made a little Mast, to which they fasten'd it. In this condition they coasted the Isle of *Antego*, two Leagues from the shore, and towards Night they began to lose sight of it, directing their course towards *St. Christophers*. By break of day they found themselves so near the shore of the Isle of *Nevis*, which also belongeth to the *Englishs*, that they were constrained to labour hard to pass to the Wind-wards of that Island, thereby to gain the Salt-pits of *St. Christophers*. Their Efforts were not altogether vain, for they doubled *Nevis*; but withal, were forc'd to run so near the shore, that they look'd every moment for the appearing of some Barks from thence, to seise their Vessel and Persons.

In the mean time they pass'd the Streight between *Nevis* and *St. Christophers*, and finding

themselves over against the Salt-pits of this last Island, they endeavour'd in vain to get to Land, for when they were come within half a League of the shore, they were suddenly engaged among hidden Rocks and breaking Waves, where they were toss'd with such violence, that the Boat dashing against one of the Rocks, they had much ado to bring her off, being much weakned by hard Labour and want of Sutenance; nevertheless, they were so happy as to get clear of all these dangers, and held out one Night more with Hunger, Thirst and Toil. Finding themselves at the dawning of the day, over against the Head land of *St. Christophers Island*, and knowing that they might easily and safely Land there, they took Courage, Fear and Sadness being banish'd out of their Hearts, and Joy succeeding in their Room; so that forthwith one of them tore his Shirt, of which he made two Flags, and another tied his Cravat to the top of the Mast, to serve for a Streamer. In this manner they drew near to shore, which was cover'd with *French*, who came running from all parts of the Island to behold the wonderful Boat. The *Sieur Sannois*, Captain of that Quarter, being there also, gave them notice by a Signal of the right Landing place; at length they came ashore with glad Hearts, and were received by their Country-men with a great deal of Humanity.

The Generous Relations.

FRANCIS, Lord of *Noue*, Sir-named *Iron-Hand*, had a Sister called *Margaret*, Marry'd to the Lord *de Vezins*, of an illustrious House in *Anjou*. Of this Marriage were Born a Son and two Daughters. *Vezins* being a Widower, Married his Ladies Waiting-maid; she desiring that her Children might be the only Heirs of that rich Man, caused the three Infants of the last Marriage to be secretly carried to *Pardic* in low *Bretagne*, a House seated upon the Sea-shore, and pertaining to the Lord *de Vezins*. There they were put into the Hands of an *English* Pilot, who had agreed to throw them into the Sea, but touched with compassion, he contented himself to leave them with a Peasant on the Coast of *England*, to be by him Educated as Children of mean Birth, and without giving them the least knowledge of their Extraction, for they were as yet so young, that he did not think they could remember it. Then were they carried to the Isle of *Guernsey*, and with a little Money committed to certain Persons in that Isle, to be there brought up. In the mean time Reports were spread abroad from time to time, that the Children died one after the other in their Fathers House, and counterfeit Funerals were Solemniz'd. The Daughters did not intirely lose the memory of their Birth, and being somewhat grown up, they heard of the Lord *de la Noue*, and remember'd that he was their Unkle, and that they had heard him so call'd in their Fathers House; they wrote unto him, and he did all that he could to

hasten their Return into *France*, and to discover the Truth. The Father, who was suspected to have been privy to the Mother in-Laws Plot, at first resisted his endeavours, but at length he consented, and profess'd he would have been glad that his Children had been Educated near the Lady *de la Noue*, who was a Virtuous Woman; but there fell out several things that obstructed their proceedings, and the Girls remain'd in *Guernsey* till they died. As for the Son, he was carried from thence to *London*, and because he was younger than his Sisters, and had no correspondence with them, he almost intirely lost the memory of his Extraction, and was bound Prentice to a Shoemaker; nevertheless, when he was grown up, having still some confus'd Idea's that he was descended of an Honourable Family in *France*, and hearing of the interest that *La Noue* seem'd to have in these young Girls, he suspected that he might be their Brother, and being inform'd that *La Noue* was in *Flanders*, he went thither to present himself to him. He did so, but he produc'd so few marks of his Birth, and *La Noue* saw so little light in this Affair, that he contented himself with Writing to *Vezins*, that a Young-man had presented himself to him, who call'd himself his Son. *La Noue* being made a Prisoner in the Wars of *Flanders*, six or seven years past over before he heard any more of this business, and in the mean time the Young-man plying his Shoemakers Trade, went at last to *Geneva*, to Work there; he had not been there long when *La Noue* arriv'd, one of them not Dreaming of the other. *La Noue*, by chance sent to his Masters Shop for something

belonging to that Trade which he wanted. That Young-man carried it to him, and knew *La Noue* by his Iron-Hand, but durst not discover himself, because he had not a very favourable reception the former time, and was afraid to offend him.

La Noue did not mind him, and six or seven years producing a great alteration in the face and stature of Young-men of that Age, he thought upon nothing less than his Nephew; nevertheless, having observ'd some Gestures and Words that did not favour of a Shoemaker, he ey'd him more attentively, and fancy'd that he beheld in him the Air not only of him whom he had seen in the *Low-Countries*, but also of his Brother *de Vezins*, which oblig'd him to ask him, who and whence he was: The Young-man modestly answer'd, that he was unable to give him a clear answer, but that he was the Man that had the Honour to see him in *Flanders*, and who there told him that he believ'd himself to be his Nephew, the Son of the Lord *de Vezins*. *La Noue* began to think that the Boy was truly what he call'd himself: Afterwards asking him several questions concerning the manner of his being expos'd, and of his Education.

The Young-man who had acquired more Judgment and Knowledge than when he saw him in *Flanders*, and perhaps was better able to explain himself distinctly, gave him so great satisfaction, that he remained convinced that this was the true Heir of the House of *Vezins*. He might have abandoned him, and thereby taken the advantage of his Sisters Succession, which was considerable, but he had too Noble

a Soul to prefer profit to his Duty ; he took the Young-man along with him, and Educated him in a manner suitable to his Birth, and his Father, to whom he writ an account of the affair, refusing to acknowledge him, *La Noue* seized him at Law, but the difficulty of the Times not permitting him to compass his design during his Life, he left the Suit to *Oder de la Noue* his Son, who carried it on, and finished it with the same Generosity wherewith it was begun. So the Father and the Son equally Generous, established the Fortune of this near Relation, whose Posterity yet enjoy the Estate of the Family of *De Vezins*. *The Life of the Lord de la Noue, by L'Amirault.*

The Raging Duke.

THE Duke of *Biron* was a great Favourite to *Henry* the Fourth, Grandfather to the present *French* King, but his Pride and Ambition prompting him to imagine that his Services to his Master were not rewarded according to his Merit, he, with several others of his Partizans, entred into dangerous correspondences with the Duke of *Savoy*, and the King of *Spain*, to the prejudice of the Kings Affairs, and likewise conspired to seize and destroy his Person. King *Henry* had Intelligence of the whole Intrigue, yet had such an entire love and favour for him, that he sent for him and acquainted him with what discoveries he had made ; but added, That if he would be so ingenuous to give him a full account of all the Transactions, he should certainly find Mercy and Pardon from him.

The

The Duke being ignorant that one *La Fin*, to whom he had declared his *Relentments*, and made privy to the *Designs* he was managing, had acquainted the King with the whole matter, obstinately refus'd to confess any thing, and denied he was any way concerned in any Conspiracy against him or his Government, making many *Protestations* of his *Innocency*, beseeching the King to do him *Justice* against those who designed his *Ruin* by *Slanders* and *false Reports*, which were insupportable to so clear a Soul as he had, desiring leave to take his *Revenge* by the *Sword*. The King led him to the *Tennis-Court*, where the Duke proposed the Match, saying, *That the Duke of Espernon and he would play against His Majesty and the Count of Soissons.* The Duke of *Espernon* suddenly replied, *My Lord, you play well, but you make your Matches ill.* At *Supper* he seemed discontented, eating nothing, nor any Man speaking to him, esteeming him a Man abandoned to *Misfortune*; yet he thought he had so much *Courage*, that no Man durst lay hands on him.

The King in the mean time walked in his Chamber; much disturbed how to come to a Resolution, and speaking of him and the Count of *Auvergne*, with the other *Conspirators*, being full of *Mercy* and *Clemency*, he said, *If they will yet return to their Duties, and give me the opportunity to prevent the ill Designs of my Enemies, I will still pardon them: If they weep I will weep with them; if they will remember the Duty that they owe me, I will not forget to be kind and gracious to them; they shall find me as full of Clemency as they are of Disloyalty and Ingratitude.* I would

not make the Duke of Biron the first Example of the Severity of my Justice, or that he should cause my Reign, which hath hitherto been like a calm and serene Sky, to be over-cast with Clouds, Thunder, and Lightning; but yet I am resolv'd he shall either bend or break.

Next morning the King commanded the Count of Soissons to go to him, and endeavour to mollify his Mind, and draw the Truth out of him: He goes to him, he perswades, conjures, beseeches him to submit himself to the King, and to fear the Indignation of a Prince as he would do the paw of a Lion. The Duke of Biron answered roughly, *That the King had no reason to complain of him, unless it were for his good Services, and that he himself had the greatest cause to complain that his Loyalty should be suspected, who had given so many and so great proofs thereof.*

The Count of Soissons finding all his endeavours were fruitless against his obstinate temper, left him, and the next morning early the King sent for him into the little Garden, and discours'd with him a long time, he making still great protestations of his Innocency, beating his Breast, and casting up his Eyes to Heaven in confirmation thereof. At their parting there appeared Anger in the Kings Countenance, and by the Dukes carriage there seemed Fire in his Words. From thence the Duke went to Dinner, and had a Letter delivered him with Advice to retire himself; but he laugh'd at all warnings, and despised any Advertisement of his fall. The King had an account of his Bravado's, but took little notice of them; at length, upon consultation with

with some of the Lords of the Council, it was resolved that he should be apprehended, and likewise the Count of *Auvergne*; the King would not have them taken in the Court but in their own Lodgings, which the Duke of *Biron* was somewhat apprehensive of, and therefore thought he need fear nothing in the Presence-Chamber, but that his danger would be most in going forth, to prevent which he had provided a short Sword, wherewith to make his way by the Death of any Opposer. The King was informed, that if he were not seized in the Presence-Chamber it would occasion Blood-shed, to prevent which it was convenient to pass by some unnecessary respects; the King sent for *Vitry* and *Pralin*, Captains of his Guards, and ordered them in what manner to execute his commands.

The Duke of *Biron* sup'd at *Montignys* Lodgings, where he discours'd more proudly and vainly than ever of his own Merits, and his many Friends in *Switzerland*, and proceeded highly to commend the Piety, Justice and Liberality, of the late King of *Spain*. *Montigny* suddenly interrupted him, saying, *The greatest commendation due to that Princes memory, was, That he put his own Son to Death, for attempting to promote troubles and disturbances in the State.* This put an end to the Dukes Harangue, who by his Eyes seemed to hear this sharp reply with much amazement and surprize.

After Supper, the Duke of *Biron* and the Count of *Auvergne* waited on the King in the Garden, with a greater Train of Guards than they expected. The King invited the Duke to
play

play in the Queens Lodgings ; they plaid at Chefs, and the King being perplex'd, went often to and again to his Closet. As they entred the Door of the Chamber, the Count of *Auvergne* whispered the Duke in the Ear, *We are undone* : The King was much unresolv'd, but at length he pray'd God to assist him with his Holy Spirit, and to infuse such Resolutions into him as might be for his Glory, and the good of his people, over whom he Ruled only by his Grace. His Prayer ended his doubts were satisfied, and he concluded absolutely to deliver the Duke into the hands of Justice. The Count of *Auvergne* was retir'd, the King sent for him, and walked about the Room while the Duke minded nothing but his Game ; *Varennes*, Lieutenant of his Company, pretending to take up his Cloak, told him in his Ear, *He was undone*. This last word astonished him so that he neglected his Game, which the Queen observing, told him, *That he had misreckon'd himself to his own loss*. The King answered, *That they had plaid enough*, commanding every man to retire. He took the Duke of *Biron* into his Cabinet, and charged him, once for all, freely to declare what Transactions he had managed with the Duke of *Savoy*, and the Count of *Fuentes*, Governour for the King of *Spain*, assuring him that his Clemency should surmount his Crimes. The Duke, though he was conscious to himself that he deserved Death, yet had not the humility to desire his Life, nor a Tongue to beg pardon, but answered the King more resolutely than ever : *That they had contrived the overthrow of an honest Man, and that he had no other design than what he had already discovered.*

I wish to God it were so, said the King, but I find you will not acquaint me with it. Adieu, Good Night.

As the Duke was going out of the Cabinet, and had passed the Chamber-Door, he met *Vitry*, who laid his Hand upon *Biron's* Sword, and demands the delivery of it by the Kings Order: *From me!* said the Duke; *What to take away my Sword, who have so faithfully served the King? My Sword! Who have ended the War, and have settled Peace in France? That my Sword which my Enemies could never wrest from me, should be now taken away by my Friends.* He intreated the Duke of *Montbazon* to beseech the King to give him leave to deliver it into his own hands; the King ordered *Vitry* to do as he had commanded him. The Duke was forced to suffer it to be taken from him, and in delivering it cast his Eyes about to seize upon another, but they prevented him. When he saw all the Guard placed in the Gallery, he thought they would have killed him, and desired to have something in his Hand that he might have the Honour to dye in defending himself, and some little time to pray to God. They answered, That no Man should hurt him, they having Order from the King only to conduct him to his Lodgings. *You see (said he in passing by) how good Catholicks are Treated.* He was carried to the Closet of Arms, but neither slept nor lay down. *Praliu* was sent to the Count *Auvergne* to demand his Sword in the Kings Name: *I take it (said the Count) it hath never killed any but Wild Boars, if thou hadst informed me of this I had been a Bed and asleep two hours ago.* These two Noble-men were like

Torches

Torches in a Field of Corn, able to inflame the Kingdom. The Duke of *Biron* grew extremely impatient, scarce speaking a Word but it was either against God or the King, and discovered all the rage and fury of a Mad-man; but suddenly recollecting himself, *Well*, said he, *I find this is but Folly, for all my passion and raving will do me no Service.*

The King returned from *Fountainbleau*, where the Conspiracy was discovered, to *Paris*, and was received with the Shouts and Acclamations of the people for his safe return, and their Deliverance from Slavery. The Prisoners were led to the Bastile, the Duke of *Biron* was melancholly and dejected, the Count of *Auvergne* merry and pleasant; the first entred the Bastile as into his Grave, the second as into a Palace, imagining that no place could be a Prison to him. They had the liberty of the House, but fearing the Dukes desperation might make him destroy himself, they suffered none that came near him to wear Arms; and seeing himself served with a Knife without a point, he said, *That this was to the Greve*, which is a place in *Paris* where great persons are Executed, and speaking of Death with disdain, said, *That it could never come unlook'd for to a Man well resolved, nor strange to him that doth foresee it, nor shameful to a Generous Mind.* He continued some time, after his Imprisonment, without eating or sleeping, and the violent motions of his Heart cast him into a Fever, yet would take no Physick but what his Physicians tasted first, for fear he should be Poysoned; yet the fire of his Courage was not smothered with his Distemper, what did he say,
or

or what did he not say, Fury and Choler made him utter senceless Speeches. *If they will put me to Death*, says he, *Why do they not dispatch me, that they may not boast they have made me afraid of Death?* And then let them drink themselves Drunk with the Blood which remains of five and thirty Wounds that I have received in the Service of France. To pacifie his furious discontent, the Archbishop of Bourges was sent to him to rectifie his conscience, and to remove some Atheistical Opinions that he had imbraced, and to assure him that if he did heartily repent and confess his Crimes, he might yet expect forgiveness both from God and the King. As soon as he was a Prisoner, every one said he was a Dead man, and seeing himself so strictly Guarded, he said, *They did not put Birds of his kind into a Cage to suffer them to escape; for when once a Man of Courage and Faction comes to be Imprisoned, it is more dangerous to absolve than to condemn him.*

The King sent to the Parliament of Paris to proceed against him, and Commissioners were appointed, who took Informations in the Bastile. The Prisoner at first was a little ceremonious in his answers, but being entred into discourse, he gave the Commissioners matter enough to work upon, confessing in a manner all he was accused of, so that from his own Mouth they might have justly condemned him, to lose as many Lives as he had Years. He had so ill governed his Judgment in Prosperity, that it was prejudicial to him in his Adversity, yielding sometimes to Grief, then to Rage, and always to Indiscretion, speaking as much to Ruine as

Discharge

Discharge himself; he was confronted with the Witnesses face to face, but when he saw *La Fin* he fell into an extream trembling. The President asked him if he would except against *La Fin*; he replied, *That he judged him a Gentleman of Honour, and his Friend and Kinsman.* But when he had heard his Deposition, he cried out against him as the most execrable Villain in the World, appealing to all the Powers of Heaven and Earth to justify his Innocency. *La Fin* being disturbed to hear himself thus accused, told him, *That he was sorry they were in a place where one was allowed to speak all, and the other to hear all;* he justified all he had said against the Duke, and made a more full discovery of the conspiracy than before. The Prisoner said, *That if Renaze were there he would aver the contrary.* This was another of the Conspirators, who was instantly brought before him, at which he was extreamly surprized, believing that he had been dead in *Savoy* long before. He then alledged, that the Duke of *Savoy* had set him at Liberty to Ruine him, and seemed confounded to find all things conspire to his destruction, for *Renaze* was made a Prisoner in *Piedmont*, to prevent him from discovering this Treason, but making his escape, he came just now, by an admirable Providence, to fortify the Testimony of his Master *La Fin*, who else had been but a single Witness.

He had many friends, but the King represented his crime to be so detestable and odious to the Princes and Nobility, that none of them had the courage to intercede for him; his Process being finished, he is called to make his defence.

fence. He is Charged to have Treated with the Duke of Savoy, about the Betraying of Bourg and other places, and advising him to attempt against the Kings Army and his own Person, discovering to him many things of Importante, and offering him his Service and Assistance against all Men, in hope of Marrying his Daughter: That he would have perswaded the King to appear before St. Katherines Fort, on purpose that he might be Slain, and had writ to the Governor how he should distinguish His Majesty from others. These and several Articles more were alledged against him, but the Duke denied all, and renounced the Confession he had made at his first Examination, alledging, That *La Fin* had bewitched him, that he bit him by the Ear, and made him drink Inchanted Waters, calling him his King, his Prince, his Lord; that he shewed him an Image of Wax which spake these Words, *Thou shalt dye Witched King*, and if he had such power over a senseless Image, what might he not do upon him whom he had wholly bewitched to do what he pleased? He made a bold and resolute Defence, and concluded it in these words: *My fault is great, but it was only in thought and conception, and not Executed, in desire, but not in effect; great Offences must have great Pardons. I am he alone in France who feel the Rigor of Justice, and cannot hope for the Merit of Mercy; whatever happens, I rely more upon you, Gentlemen, then on the King, who having formerly regarded me with an Eye of Love, looks no more on me now but with Indignation, and holds it a Virtue to be cruel to me, and a Vice to shew any act of Clemency towards me, it had been better for me if he had not pardoned me at first, then*

to give me Life and now to make me lose it with Shame and Dishonour. His discourse was so long, that the Judges had not time to give their Opinions, so he was remanded to the Bastile full of hopes of being discharged, boasting to the Captains of the Guard, that he had defended himself so bravely and discreetly, as doubtless he had fully satisfied them all; adding, That if he were Dead, no Man was able to supply his place; and saying, Is it possible that the King should be so vain as to think to frighten me with the apprehension of Death, or that he is able to terrify me with it?

Three days after the Judges met, and upon Consultation concluded him to be Guilty of High Treason, and the Chancellor with the first President of Parliament, with some others, went into the Bastile to acquaint him with the Sentence of the Court: The Duke looking out of a Window at that time, he heard a Womans cries and lamentations, which he instantly apprehended were made upon his account, and somewhat disturbed him, but espying the Chancellor coming towards him cross the Court, he cried out that he was Dead. *You come, said he, to pronounce my Sentence, I am unjustly Condemned, tell my Relations that I dye innocent;* and coming near, he said, *O my Lord Chancellor, is there no Pardon? Is there no Mercy?* The Chancellor Saluted him, and put on his Hat; the Duke continued bare, and having abandoned all the Powers of his Soul to Grief and Passion, he spoke all that a Mind over-whelmed with Sorrow could utter, reproaching the Chancellor, that he was more desirous to condemn than save.

him, and raved against the King in the most horrid expressions imaginable ; then shaking the Chancellor by the Arm, *You have Judged me*, said he, *but God will Absolve me*, he will lay open the Iniquities of those who have shut their Eyes, because they would not see mine Innocency. You, my Lord, shall answer for this Injustice before him, whither I do Summon you within a year and a day ; I go before by the Judgment of Men, but those that are the cause of my Death, shall come after by the Judgment of God. All which was spoke with the utmost fury and rage, with other terrible Words, both against the King and Parliament ; but his appeal was not answered, for the Chancellor lived many years after, And then proceeding in his discourse, I see very well that I am not the most Wicked, but the most Unfortunate, those that have done worse than I ever thought are favoured, the Kings Clemency is dead towards me, he doth not imitate the example of Cæsar nor Augustus, or of other great Princes, who not only pardoned those that intended ill, but that acted it too ; they were over-sparing of Blood, yea, of the meanest. Wherein can the King shew himself greater than in Pardoning ? Mercy is a Princely Virtue, every one can give Death, but it belongs only to Sovereigns to give Life ; and Cruel that he is, Does he not remember that he hath already pardoned me, I had a bad Design and he graciously forgave me, I demand it again, and so you may inform him. The Queen of England told me, that if the Earl of Essex would have humbled himself and asked her Pardon, she would have forgiven him, but he grew obdurate and would never implore her Mercy, and thereby deprived her of all means to shew the effects of her Good-

ness; she like a Generous Princess, desired to pardon him as she hoped that God would pardon her. He was Guilty, I am Innocent, he Sued for no Pardon for his Offence, I desire it for mine Innocence. Is it possible he should forget the Services I have done him? Does he not remember the Conspiracy at Mantes, and his great danger if I had not prevented it? There is no vein in my Body that hath not bled for his Service; he shews that he never loved me any longer than he thought himself to have need of me. Has he forgotten the Siege of Amiens, where I was often seen covered with Fire and Bullets, ready to give or receive Death? My Father exposed himself to a thousand Dangers, and lost his Life to set the Crown upon his Head; I have received thirty five Wounds in my Body to secure the Crown to him, and for my Reward he takes my Head from my Shoulders. Let him beware, lest the Justice of God fall upon him, he will find what profit my Death will bring him, it will but impair the Reputation of his Justice. He will lose this day a good Servant, and the King of Spain a great Enemy; I am not put to Death because I Treated with him, my Courage raised me up, and my Courage ruins me.

The Chancellor desired him not to torment himself any more about his Sentence, since they had done him that Justice which a Father is bound to pronounce against his Son in such a case as his. At which word his rage increased; What Justice, (says he) I was never heard but once, I could not deliver the fiftieth part of my Justification? What Justice upon the Evidence of La Fin, the most wretched and execrable Villain in the World? The Chancellor to divert his discourse, told him that he had brought two Di-

vines, to comfort and prepare him for Death; he replied, *That he was already prepared, and had his Soul in that Tranquillity, as the Night before he had spoken with God, and that his Guards had heard him laugh in his Sleep.* He desired the Chancellor that he might have the last consolation of dying men, that is, Liberty to make his Will, which was granted, and he gave away several things to his Servants, and the Guards attending him. They then desired him to kneel and hear the Sentence read; *Read it,* says he, *and I will be as supple as a Glove,* but when mention was made that he had attempted against the Kings person, he fell again into a Rage, so that it was concluded he should be bound and delivered instantly into the hands of the Executioner. He swore he would be drawn to pieces with four Horses, before he would be carried to dye at the *Greve*, but was told, That the King had done him the favour to be Executed in the Bastile. By the perswasion of the Divines, he began to examine his Conscience, continuing therein about an hour, which ought to have been done with an humble, penitent, and contrite Mind, but he seemed more careful of the affairs of his Family than of his Soul, praying to God not as a devout Christian but like a Souldier. His Confession being ended he walked about, often crying out of his Innocency, and cursing *La Fin*, and asking if it were not lawful for his Brethren to cause him to be Burnt. He desired to see some of his Relations and Friends whom he Named, but was told, That there were none of them in the City, whereupon he mournfully said, *All the World hath forsaken*

saken me, in these Crimes Friendship is dangerous. Friends fail, and the Disease is counted Infectious to Acquaintance; he is Wisest that knows no Man, nor any Man him.

Going out of the Chappel the Executioner presented himself to him; he asked *Voison* who he was, *It is*, said he, *the Executioner of the Sentence.* *Be gone*, said the Duke, *touch me not till it be time*; and doubting he should be bound, he added, *I will go freely to Death, I have no hands to defend myself against it, but it shall never be said that I dye bound like a Thief or a Slave*, and turning towards the Hang-man, he swore if he came near him he would pull out his Throat. He at length came to the Scaffold, and kneeling upon the first step, made a short Prayer, with his eyes lift up to Heaven; when he came up, he cast a furious look upon the Executioner, *Voison* perswaded him it was not he, *Nay*, says he, *You think to deceive me, but I know him well enough.* The Executioner offered him a Cloth to put before his Eyes, but he refused it, saying, *That if he touch'd him, except only to give him the stroke of Death, he would strangle him.* He open'd his Breast to the Guards, and said he should be much obliged to them if they would shoot him with a Musket. *What pity is it*, said he, *to dye so miserably, and of so infamous a stroke.* He asked then, *Is there no pardon?* *Well*, *I have made my Soul ready to present it before Almighty God, but I pity the Kings Soul, who hath put me to Death unjustly, for I dye absolutely innocent, and my Death is the Recompence he gives me for all my Services.* These Words drew tears as well from the Souldiers as the reit of the

Spectators ; the Judges told him his Sentence must be read once more, which he heard with great impatience. After which, the Preachers perswaded him to call upon God, and abandon the thoughts of all earthly things ; he asks what he must do, then takes his Handkerchief and covers his Eyes, asking the Executioner where he should Seat himself, *There, my Lord*, quoth the Hang-man : *And where's that, thou seest I am blindfold, and yet speakest as if I saw?* And then furiously pulls his Handkerchief from his Eyes, then blinds himself again, commanding the Executioner to dispatch him quickly. He desired to dye standing, but the Hang-man told him he must kneel, for he durst not do any thing but according to Order ; at length he kneeled down, and bid the Executioner make an end, but starting up suddenly again, *What is there no Mercy then ?* says he, looking severely upon the Spectators and the Hang-man, and it was supposed, he designed either to have taken his Sword from him, and hewed his way through the people, or that he did believe the King would only affright him with the Terrors of Death, and then send his Pardon. The Executioner desired leave to cut his Hair ; at this he grew into a rage, and swore if he touch'd him he would Strangle him. *Voison* reproved him ; says he, *He shall not meddle with me while I am living, and if you put me into a passion, I will Strangle half the company that is here, and force the rest to kill me. I will leap off the Scaffold if you throw me into despair.* The Preachers came again upon the Stage, and endeavoured to allay his fury ; at length he grew calm, crying

ing out, *My God, my God, take pity upon me.* The Preachers assure him that his Soul is ready to see God, I, said he, *Heaven is open for my Soul*; he then bowed his Head, saying to the Executioner, *Strike, strike, O strike.* The Hang-man seeing he had rose thrice before, and fearing he would seize his Sword, resolved to surprize him, telling him he must say his last Prayer to recommend his Soul to God, which by the Preachers intreaty he did, when the Hang-man gave a sign to his Man to reach his Sword, where-with he cut off his Head while he was speaking. The blow was so sudden that few perceived it, and the Head leaped from the Scaffold to the ground, and even then his Countenance seemed furious. This was the end of the passionate Duke of *Biron*, whose Courage was Invincible in War, and was never tired with Labour, being often fifteen days together on Horseback, but his Pride and Ambition clouded all his Virtues, which with his boiling Rage, and intemperate Fury, were the great occasion of his Ruin. He was advanced from the meanest to the highest degree of Honour, of a private Souldier he became a Captain, then Collonel, afterwards Admiral, great Marshal of *France*, and Lieutenant of the Kings Armies, and in his Heart aspired to be Duke of *Burgundy*, Son-in-Law to the Duke of *Savoy*, and Nephew to the King of *Spain*. He was bred a Protestant, then turned Papist, but was a Scoffer at all Religion. It is reported, that being formerly in trouble for the Murder of a Gentleman in a Duel, and for which he afterward had a Pardon from the King, he went disguised like a Carrier to one *La Brosse*,

a great Mathematician, to whom he shewed his Nativity as one skilled therein, which he had got to be taken by another, pretending it was a Gentlemans whom he served, that desired to know what end he should have; *La Brosse* having consider'd it, told him, *That the Person was of a good House, and no older than himself, and he supposed it his own: 'Tis no matter for that,* said he, *but pray tell me what his Life, Estate, and end shall be.* The Old man replied, *My Son, I find that he whose Nativity this is, shall arrive to great Honour by his Industry and great Valour, and may be a King, but that there is a Caput Argol will hinder it.* And what is that, said *Biron*? Do not ask me, quoth the Old man: Nay, but I will know, says *Biron*. At length he told him, *That the Person would act those things which should cause him to lose his Head; whereupon Biron beat him severely, and leaving him half Dead in the little Garret where they were, he Lock'd it, and carried the Key with him, whereof he boasted afterward to his Companions.* It is likewise said, that he had some discourse with a Magician in *Paris*, who told him, *That only one back blow of a Burgundian would hinder him from being King.* Which Prediction he remembered in Prison, and sent one to inquire what Country-man the Hang-man was, and hearing he was a *Burgundian*, he said, *Then am I a Dead Man.* It is also said, that his Father observing his Ambitious temper, said thus to him: *Biron, I would advise thee when a Peace shall be made, to go and live privately at thy own House, or else thou must leave thy Head upon a Scaffold; which happened accordingly, as we*

have

have already Related. De Serres *History of France.*

Blood for Blood, or the Double Revenge.

FLoris, the first of that Name, the Nineteenth Earl of *Holland, Zealand and Friezeland*, was a Valiant Prince, but gave himself up to Incontinency, which was the occasion of his lamentable fall. His Father, *William* the Second, was Elected King of the *Romans*, and after the Death of *Conrade*, Emperor of *Germany*, was declared to be his Successor; and Pope *Innocent*, by Letters, gave him advice thereof, desiring him to come to *Rome* and receive the Crown, and all the other Ensigns of the Imperial Dignity. King *William* having no great confidence in some of the Princes of *Germany* and *Italy*, Travell'd to *Rome* in the Habit of a Pilgrim, accompanied with twelve of his Loyal Nobility, and arriving in *Italy*, met with the Pope at *Genoa*, by whom he was Honourably received, and having conferr'd with him, he went from thence, in the same Habit, through *Lombardy* and *Germany*, being owned and acknowledged for their lawful Sovereign in all places where he would discover himself, and consulted with the Nobility about the Affairs of the Empire.

Whilst he was thus employed, he had Intelligence that the *West Frizons* were Revolted, and as they formerly had done; Invaded the Frontiers of *Holland*, from whence they daily carried away great Booties, without opposition or restraint, he being so far distant from them. The King was just ready to go from *Germany* into

Italy.

Italy with a Royal Train and Army, to be Crowned at *Rome*, but yet thought it better to defer his Journey for some time, and to preserve his own Inheritance, and settle peace and quietness in his own Country, and among his own Subjects, than to go so far off to purchase a Title of Honour without Profit; he therefore declined his Voyage to *Italy*, and led his Army to *Utrecht*, where being at a Feast with the Noblemen and Prelates, some treacherous Villain wounded him very dangerously on the Head with a Stone, while he sat at Table, and yet none could perceive from whence it came. This accident did extremely disturb the Prelates and Lords who had invited him to the Feast: The King taking up the Stone, said, *Do but observe what malice and despite the people of Utrecht shew toward me, to knock me on the Head with Stones, though I never deserved any evil at their Hands, but have always assisted them, and subdued their Enemies at my own Charge; but by the living God, this affront shall not go unpunished, if I live but one year longer.* Having said thus, he instantly took Horse, and rid away in great Indignation, threatening the whole City with utter Ruin and Devastation. The Magistrates and Burgeses of *Utrecht* were extremely concerned at this wicked and unfortunate accident, and having obtained a Passport, they send their Burgomasters to his Court at the *Hague*, to endeavour to pacifie his Wrath and Indignation against them. The King answered them in few words, *That what he had Sworn he would certainly perform, and was resolved utterly to destroy their Town, unless they delivered into his Hands him that had thrown the Stone.*

With

With this answer they returned, and having assembled their Council, they made diligent search for the Delinquent but could not find him.

In the mean time the King hastened into *Friezland*, whereby those of *Utrecht* escaped the terrible Vengeance he had designed to take upon them, for marching with his Army to *West Friezland*, he vanquish'd those that opposed his passage, and erected a Castle near *Alkmer*, which he called *Tornenburg*, or, *The Castle of his Wrath*. He then proceeded with all speed in hope to surprize the Rebels, for it being Winter, the Lord of *Brederode*, who led one of the Battalions, had incountred and vanquished the *Drechers*, and the King mounted upon a very great Horse, leading the other Battalion, endeavoured to find the shortest way to *Hookwind*, which he designed to burn, and marched alone a great way before his Troops over the Ice, as if it had been firm ground, but the Ice happening to break his Horse fell in, and he was almost drowned, he having none near to assist him. The *Frizons*, who lay in Ambush in the Reeds and Ofsers, seeing a Horseman thus mired, they ran thither and knock'd him on the Head with Clubs and Staves, not knowing him to be the King, but observing his Target they thought him to be some Nobleman. Some *Hollanders* in those parts who were banished thither for their crimes, coming hastily thither, discovered by his Arms who he was, and told the *Frizons* that they had done very ill to Murder the King their Natural Lord and Prince, which when they understood, both Man, Woman and Child, were extremely grieved and concerned, and consulting together,

together, resolved to Bury him secretly in the Village of *Hockwind*. His Army hearing the King was dead, were so attonished that they Disbanded and returned home; and this was the miserable end of this great Prince, after he had Governed his Inheritance twenty years, and the Empire of *Germany* seven.

Floris the Fifth, his Son, succeeded him at seventeen years of Age, and Levied a powerful Army to Revenge his Fathers Death, and reduce the *West Frizons* to his Obedience, and to bring away his Fathers Bones and Bury them in *Zealand*. The *Frizons* hearing of his approach, met and incountred him at *Verone* near *Alkmar*, in which skirmish five hundred *Hollanders*, and some of Quality, were slain, who thereupon retired and Incamped in the open Field, and having received a Reinforcement went to attack the *Frizons*, who being proud of their former Success came on boldly, but the *Hollanders* routed them, and killed eight hundred upon the place. Soon after *Floris* again defeated them in another Battel, and at length wholly subdued them, building several Castles to secure them in their Obedience for the future, and thereby settled all his Dominions in Peace.

There was in the Court of *Floris* a Valiant Nobleman, called *Gerard Van Velson*, whom the Prince had kept Prisoner a whole year, after having Beheaded his Brother unjustly for several crimes charged upon him by those that hated him; *Floris*, after his Death, being informed of the Truth, set his Brother *Gerard* at Liberty, and endeavoured by all means to repair the wrong he had done, by honouring and advancing his

Brother,

Brother, and to make him the more affectionate to his Service, the Earl thinking very much to oblige him, offered Gerard his Mistress, or Concubine, in Marriage; Gerard scorned and declined the motion, but being still importuned by Floris, told him plainly, *Sir, I am not of so mean and base a Spirit as to put my Feet in your old Shoes*; which is a Dutch Proverb, intimating, That he would not Marry his leavings, or his cast Wench. The Earl displeased, replied, *Yes, I am resolved thou shalt have my leavings*.

Gerard goes from the Court in discontent, not regarding the Counts words, and a while after Marries the Daughter of Herman Lord of Woerden, and Niece to Gisbert of Amstel. Count Floris having notice that Gerard was Married, and that he came no more to Court, by the perswasion of his Mistress he sent for him, being come he gave him Commission to dispatch some Affairs a great way in the Country, that were of much importance, which Gerard thought to be a great favour from his Prince; during his absence, the Earl, with a few Attendants, went to the Castle of Cronenburg, where Gerard usually resided, pretending to refresh himself there; Gerards Lady received him with great Respect and Honour, as being her Lord and Sovereign. The Count pretended he had some matters to tell her which required secrecy, and desired her to shew him some private Room, the innocent Lady suspecting nothing, carried him into her own Bed-Chamber, the Earl having fastned the Door, began to Court her very earnestly to yield to his unlawful desires, which she refusing with abhorrence, he took his opportunity

tuniry in that secret place, where her cries could not be heard, to offer violence to her; and at length, being stronger than she, he Ravished her, and then in all haste departed. The abused Lady gave her self up to Sorrow and Despair, for the wrong that had been offered her by her Natural Prince, who above all things ought to have protected and defended the Chastity and Honour of Ladies, especially persons of her Quality, and throwing off her rich Attire and Jewels, she put her self in deep Mourning till her Lords return, who coming back from performing his Commission, gave an account thereof to the Earl, and then going to his own House, was much surprized to find his Lady in that disconsolate posture, and understanding the occasion of it, he comforted her in the best manner he could, and appeared to the World as one wholly ignorant of the matter, sending his Wife to the House of the Lord of *Woerden* her Father, with a command to give him an account of the whole Fact, which she did accordingly, adding, *That she hoped her Father would not be angry with her for the dishonour that had happened to his Family, since it was acted forcibly and violently, under the pretence of Kindness and Hospitality.*

Gerard consulted with his Father-in-Law what should be done, and how he were best to govern himself in this affair, swearing and protesting upon his Honour, that he would never suffer so horrid an abuse to pass unrevenge'd; after which he never came to Court, but studied continually how to execute his intended Vengeance. The Lord of *Woerden* was likewise very sensibly touched for the dishonour of his Daughter and Family,

Family, and from that time became a Mortal Enemy to Count *Floris*: These two drew *Gisbert* of *Amstel*, their Kinsman, into a Conspiracy against the Earl, and by the Advice of these two Lords, *Gerard* secretly sent for the Bishop of *Duras*, for the King of *England*, the Earl of *Cuyck*, in the Name of the Duke of *Brabant*, and two Councillors for the Earl of *Flanders*, who being met at *Cambray*, *Gerard* declared the detestable Treachery of *Floris* with all the rage and aggravations that could be invented, which so incensed them, that, after mature deliberation, they concluded to attempt all means to seize upon the Earls Person, and to send him to the King of *England*, there to end his days in Prison; and in the mean time, to send for *John* of *Holland*, Son-in-Law to *Floris*, out of *England*, where he then resided, to come and take possession of the Earldoms of *Holland* and *Zealand*, as Heir, by Marrying his Daughter *Elizabeth*, and now descended to him by the Civil Death of his Father, which he had justly deserved for expiation of so foul and Villainous a Fact.

Count *Floris* wholly ignorant of this Conspiracy and Resolution, went to *Utrecht* to compose a difference between the Lord of *Zulyn* and some of his Councillors, two of whom were the Lords *Amstel* and *Woerden*; the Earl going to Church with his Guards and Household Servants, a Woman delivered him a small Paper, containing these Verses of the Psalm:

*My dearest Friend, whom I did trust,
With me did use Deceit,
And those who daily eat my Bread,
Did for my Soul lay wait.*

My Lord, said she, consider well, and remember this complaint of King David. The Earl condemned this advertisement, and went to Dinner with the Noblemen and Prelates of *Utrecht*, where he was very merry; after Dinner he laid himself down to sleep awhile, designing the remainder of the day for Sport and Pleasure, when the Lord of *Amstel* waking him, invited him to ride abroad with his Hawks, saying, They had found a brave flight of Hens, and other Wild Fowl. The Count, who much delighted in Hawking, instantly mounted his Horse, with a Hawk on his Fist, and a very small Attendance: When he had rid about half a mile from *Utrecht*, he was led into the midst of the Ambush of the Conspirators, who issuing out upon him, encompassed him on all sides; Gerard Van Volsen, who thought himself most wronged, was the first that offered to lay hold on him, but the Courageous Prince, casting his Hawk from his Fist, drew his Sword to defend himself, choosing rather to dye than to be taken, but being over-powred by number, and unable to make any further resistance, they seized him, and designed to have conveyed him privately that Night to the Castle of *Muyden*, and from thence to send him into *England*, down the River of *Flye*. The principal Conspirators was the Lords of *Woerden*, *Amstel*, *Velson*, *Beuschop*, *Crazenborst*, *Thelingen*, *Van Zanthen*, and divers others.

The News of the surprisal of the Prince, soon alarm'd the whole Country, so that the *Kennemers*, *Waterlanders*, and *West Frizons*, instantly Armed themselves, going aboard their Boats and Shallops to deliver their Lord; the Conspirators

having

having notice of their coming fled away, carrying the Earl through Marshes and By-paths, to prevent his being discovered, but the people of *Nærdem*, who first went in search of them, happened to meet them just in their passage, who being much perplexed knew not which way to make their escape. The Counts Horse, to which he was bound, being little and weak, and unable to accompany them, fell into a Ditch with him, they laboured to get him out, but not daring to stay, because they found themselves closely pursued, *Gerard Van Velson*, full of Rage and Revenge, fearing to lose the Prize, seeing there was a necessity to abandon him; the rest of his Companions being already fled, he resolved not to part with him without satisfaction for his wrongs, and therefore desperately fell upon his Natural Sovereign, giving him one and twenty Wounds with his Sword, most of which were Mortal, and then mounting upon a swift Horse, he made his escape to his Castle of *Cronenburg*. The *Kennemers* arrive soon after, and find the Earl almost Dead and Speechless in the Ditch, being scarce able to draw his breath; some of the Servants of the Murderers were taken, and cut in pieces before the Earls face, and having drawn him out of the Ditch they carried him to Mount *Muyden*, where he in a short time expired, after having Governed *Holland*, *Zealand*, and *Friezland*, forty two years. He was a Generous Prince, of a comely Stature and Presence, Courteous and Elegant in discourse, a good Musician, and very Charitable; in short, he had all that could be wish'd for in a Prince, had not his Virtues been sullied with the

the Vice of Incontinency, and this last Treacherous Adultery. Count *Floris* had two Greyhounds, which always followed him when he went abroad, these were found lying in the Ditch by him where he was Wounded, and when his Body was put into a Boat to be conveyed to *Alkmer* they leaped into it, and would neither eat nor drink though it was offered them, and would certainly have starved themselves, if they had not by force been drawn away from the Earls dead Body.

Thus have we seen Revenge acted to the height on one side, let us now observe how it pursued the Actors of this Bloody Tragedy ; several of the Assistants to this Murder fled out of the Country, the Lord of *Woerden* wandred about like a Vagabond, and at length died miserably in a Forreign Land. The Lord of *Amstel*, who was a good Man, but drawn in by the rest, had all his Estate seized, and fled into *Germany*. The common people were so enraged at this horrid Fact, that they vowed Revenge against the chief Actors, and went to besiege the Castle of *Cronenburg*, those within it continued quiet, pretending that neither *Gerard* nor his Accomplices were there, though indeed they were. An account of this Murder was sent to all the Friends of Count *Floris*, particularly to the Earl of *Heynault*, and to Count *John* his Son, who came before the Castle and planted their Engines of Battery against it : The Earl of *Cuick* (who was present at the consultation at *Cambray*, in the Name of the Duke of *Brabant*) hearing that *Gerard* was besieged in his Castle, writ to the Earl of *Cleves*, who was at the Siege, intreating him

him to endeavour that the Besieged might have leave to depart with their Lives saved, which the Earl consented to, and got his Guards about him to secure them in their going away.

The *Hollanders* hearing of this agreement were much discontented, and gave notice thereof to the Lord of *Loef*, Brother to the Earl of *Cleves*, who coming thither, assured the Earl that notwithstanding his agreement to save their Lives, yet the *Hollanders* and *Zealanders* would certainly fall upon them and dispatch them, which would bring much Scandal and Reproach upon him and his Family, that he endcavoured to save such Bloody Murderers, and therefore it were better to let them alone to reduce the Castle, and retire with his Forces. The Earl doubting it might reflect upon his Honour, resolved to join with the *Hollanders* in reducing it, and by Scaling Ladders, and other Instruments of War, they at length took it by Assault, and kept the Prisoners in safe custody.

The *Kennemers* having notice that the Earl of *Cleves* would save the Lives of *Gerard Van Velsen*, and the rest, they presently run to Arms, and cried out, *That if there were any who should endeavour to save the Lives of the Murderers of their Prince, they should first dye themselves by their hands*; whereupon the Earl was forced to deliver them the Prisoners. The people of *Dort* had *Hugh of Baverland*, the *Kennemers* had the Lord *Thelingen*, those of *Haerlem Van Zantbem*, those of *Dort* the Lord *Beuschop*, the Earl of *Cleves* had *Gerard of Craenborst*, and four others, who were all broken upon the Wheel with cruel Tortures, and afterward Beheaded, and those of *Leyden* had *Gerard*
Van

Van Velson, the Author of this conspiracy, and the immediate Murderer of Count *Floris*, whom they resolved to punish with the most exquisite Torments; so they put him stark Naked into a Barrel full of sharp Nails, and then rolled him up and down through all the Streets of *Leyden*. After which cruel usage they took him out, broke him upon a Wheel, and then Beheaded him; and all his Kindred, even to the ninth degree, that could be taken, were broken upon Wheels. Many upon suspicion only of being willing to serve their Masters upon this occasion, were banished for ever out of *Holland*; some designing to fly into *Denmark*, mistaking their course, were driven beyond the Streight of *Weygate*, not knowing whither they went, and coasted along *Tartary* till they entred the River of *Oby*, from whence they Sailed into *Persia*, and by leave from that King, Inhabited a Marshy part of that Country, and cultivated it after the manner of *Holland*, where they have continued their ancient Language, Labour, and course of Life, to this time. The *Hollanders* rased the Castle of *Croenenburg* to the ground; after which, the Nobility, Towns, and Commons of *Holland*, agreed jointly together, to root out and destroy the Houses and Families of *Amstel*, *Woerden*, *Velson*, and all their Kindred and Allies, which they confirmed by solemn Oaths and Writings, drawn between them upon Record, whereby many Innocents were made Beggars and Vagabonds, so that not one person of any of these Families durst appear publickly in *Holland*, but concealed themselves, or led Country Lives; neither did any Man presume ever since to bear the Coats of Arms of

any of these three Houses. And thus was one Revenge followed by another, to the Ruine and destruction of so many people. *History of the Netherlands.*

The Scalado of Geneva.

THE Wars which had continued some time between the *French King* and the *Duke of Savoy*, being composed by a Treaty of Peace in 1602, wherein though the *Genevoises* were not named, yet the King declared they were intended and included, and ought to enjoy the benefit of the Peace. They rested so securely upon the faith thereof, that though they had many intimations and warnings given them that the Duke had a secret design to be Master of the City, and though his Invasion of several Villages and Impropropriations belonging to that State, were sufficient indications of his designs, yet the Magistrates were lull'd asleep with the protestations of the Lord *Albigny*, Lt. General to the D. of *Savoy* on this side the Mountains, who declared that it was both his own and his Masters desire that they should live quietly, and offered his assistance to promote a lasting agreement between them; these assurances made them distrust nothing, so that they neglected the Guarding of the City, though the Dukes Subjects themselves were so kind to discover the Intrigue to them, for the day before the execution of this subtle enterprize there came a *Savoyard* from *Chesne*, who drawing near the Gate, told them positively, *That the Enemy was approaching, and that they should stand upon their Guard*, yet this advertisement was slighted like the rest.

The Duke had caused several Troops to advance undiscovered into the Duke of *Nemours* Country, and among others a Regiment consisting of eight hundred *French* Fugitives, who would undertake any thing for Money; *Bruneleiu* the Lord *Albigny's* Lieutenant, had already, with some others, taken an exact view of the City, with the height of the Walls, and the depth of the Ditches, in the Night, and had assured his Master of the facility of the Enterprize, and having likewise intelligence with the Syndick, or Commander of the City Guard, who was to remove the Sentinel from the place they intended to Scale it, made them so confident of success, that on *Saturday, December 11.* the day appointed for the execution of their design, several persons came into the City to buy Horses, and spoke suspiciously, *That the next day they would come and conclude the Bargain.* It was confidently affirmed that *Bruneleiu*, before he undertook this affair, had, by a special Dispensation, received the Extream Unction from a Priest, Swearing he would live no longer if he did not effect his design, and that the rest had Confessed themselves, and taken the Sacrament upon it. The Jesuites and Capuchins failed not to exhort both great and small to observe the Oath, lately made at the Jubilee in *Thonon*, for the Extermination of Hereticks.

In the mean time *Albigny*, about Six a Clock at Night, began to draw up his Men, it being the shortest day in the year, they consisted in his Company of Guards, the *French* Regiment, and some Gentlemen of *Savoy*; some *Spaniards* and *Neapolitans* were Quartered at *Anecy*, and ordered to March up when Commanded. Out of the

first Troops were drawn three hundred choice Men, Armed at all points, with Breast-plates, Helmets on their Heads, Pistols at their Girdles, and broad Swords in their Hands, and another party with Half-pikes and Muskets; as they marched along, they seized the Peasants in their way to prevent them from alarming the City, yet some made their escape and came to the Gates of *Geneva*, giving notice to the Sentinels to stand on their Guard for the Enemy was at hand, but their Words were disregarded as if they had jested. The Watch who ought to have lain out of the City, to discover any that should approach, had dispersed themselves, and perceived not the Troops who advanced undiscovered along the *Arve*.

The Duke, who doubted not of the Success, came Post *Incognito* from beyond the Mountains, and Personated an Ambassador; he arrived that Night at *Tremblieres*, a Village a League distant from *Geneva*, to animate the Fearful with his presence: For first, a Hare starting up amongst them, at the place of Rendezvous, struck them with Terror; then they spied several Stakes, about six hundred paces from the Town-Ditch, used to dry Serges on, which they judged to be an Ambuscade from the City, ranged there to surprize them; yet they took Courage, and leaving the Main Body of their Army at *Plein Palais*, the most resolute of them, who had undertaken to Scale the Walls, alighted from their Horses, and went toward the Counterscarp in the Ditch of *Coraterie*, and were no sooner there when a flight of Wild Ducks arose and made them start, fearing they should wake the Sentinels, and discover the Enterprize. At length, recovering themselves, they

passed softly over the Ditch upon Hurdles, to prevent sinking in the mud, and raised up three Ladders against the Walls near the Watch Tower, toward *Monnoye*, and as they after confessed, threw several Stones against the Wall to try if any one heard them; the Ladders were black, not to be seen in the dark, jointed together to be shortned and lengthned at pleasure, and to be carried on Horseback, the Feet had sharp Iron Spikes to fasten them in the Ground, the top of these Ladders, which were to touch the Wall, had a Pulley, and were covered with thick Cloth to slide the easier, and with less noise. They had also Steel Hammers to cut the Chains of the Draw-bridge, with the Locks and Bolts, and Pinchers to pluck out Nails and Hinges from Gates, and several Petards to burst them open; and being thus furnished they began to climb.

• *Senos*, one of the forwardest, who resolved to Revenge the Death of his Father, who was killed by the *Genevoises*, began, by an ill Omen, to bleed at Nose, before he ascended the Ladder, and being got half way up, received such a blow by the fall of a Stone from the Wall, as almost took away his senses, and was forced to come down. *Albigny*, who was most concerned in the Success of the business, stood at the Foot of the Ladder, encouraging the Souldiers with the Honour and Booty they might expect if they prevailed. Father *Alexander*, a Scotch Jesuit, besides the Exhortation he made them in *Plein Palais*, Contended them at the foot of the Ladder, assuring them, *That if they should dye in this Service, the rounds of the Ladder would be as so many Steps to carry them directly up into Heaven*; but the

poor Priest did not foresee that they would leave the World from off another kind of Ladder than this. He likewise gave them little Bills, with some passages of Scripture writ in them, and other Papers, like Charms or Conjurat[i]on, which he said would preserve those that carried them from sudden Death. 'December 12. about One in the Morning they began to mount, all things were quiet and still, so that *Sonos*, *Attignac*, and six others, entred the City through a Gate that is within, and is always left open, and walk'd about the Streets in couples, to observe whether the people were fast asleep, or that this great Silence were not a Trick to intrap them; but all were quiet, and the rest climbed up in great numbers.

The Duke hearing that his most resolute men were entred without resistance, sent for the *Spaniards* and *Neapolitans*, to march thither with all speed; he likewise dispatch'd Curriers to all parts with Tydings of this happy beginning, and caused it to be confidently reported in *Piedmont*, *Savoy*, and *Dauphine*, that *Geneva* was taken, and indeed he had cause to think so, since two hundred of the stoutest men in his Army were already got in. Some lay flat on the ground under the Trees of the Parapet, others stood up against the Houses in *Corraterie*, till they should be stronger, for *Brunalcin*, and the other chief Managers, did not intend to appear till four a Clock in the Morning, that their men might have the more time to climb up, and that the Rere-Guard might approach nearer, and likewise that they might have more light to carry on this weighty affair; but about Three in the morning, a Souldier who stood Ser-

tinel in the Tower of *Monnoye*, hearing a noise in the Ditch, called his Corporal to know what it might be, the Corporal sends a Souldier, with a Lanthorn, who takes his Musket with him, and gets upon the Parapet, where he perceives some Armed Men coming toward him, to whom he cry'd, *Who comes there ?* and having no answer, fired his Musket at them ; they instantly fell upon him, and he crying out *Arm, Arm*, they knock'd him down, which the Sentinel perceiving, discharged his Piece to give notice to the Main Guard, who were only six Men.

Bruneleiu, and the most resolute among them, perceiving they were discovered, and that it was impossible to conceal themselves any longer, and supposing they were strong enough to surprize the City, resolv'd to stand to it, and disposed their Men to the best advantage to attack their Enemies in four several places, till they could bring the Petards to force the New Gate, and let in their Troops that lay at *Plein Pallaïs*, reserving a considerable party to assist those who were still climbing up.

They then fiercely assaulted the New Gate, the Guard being only thirteen men, some of them belonging to the neighbouring Sentries. Most of the Guard when they fired run away, and alarmed those that watch'd at the Town-House, and other places ; they were pursued as far as the *Treille* Gate, which was speedily clapt to ; the Enemy finding it shut, they made themselves Masters of the New Gate. In the mean time, of the three that remained of the Guard, two hid themselves, and the third got to the top of the Gate, and very prudently let down the Port-cullice, so that they

were

were amazed to see themselves prevented when they came to apply the Petard to the Gate. A Citizen, who was one of the first awakened at the noise, came out of his House with his Halbert half undress'd, and discovering four or five Souldiers, asked aloud where the Enemy was, who coming up to him, cried out, *Peace, Slave, come hither and be on our side: God bless the Duke of Savoy.* Upon which, perceiving they were Enemies, he flies back and alarm'd the neighbouring Streets; but the Enemy won the Gate of *Tartass*, and keeping their ground, endeavoured to make good the passage. The Citizens run thither to Barricado the way to the Gate, some being perceived by their Torches were killed by the Enemy, others wounded; *Canal*, an Ancient Captain of great Courage, going beyond the Chain, and not thinking the Enemy so near, was slain, but perceiving the Citizens to increase, they retired to their Fellows at the New Gate.

In the mean time the City being thoroughly alarm'd, some went to their usual Rendezvous, others ran directly upon the Enemy, who believing they had effected the business, shouted out along the Streets, *God bless the King of Spain, God bless the Duke of Savoy, the City is our own, kill, kill, kill 'um; down with 'um, down with 'um.* The Watchword whereby they knew each other, was, when they met, to croak like a Frog. When the Citizens demanded *Who goes there*, they answered *Friends*; others to divide them cried out, *Arm, Arm, the Enemy is at the Gate of Rive.* The Enemy broke twice through the Guards at *Monnoye*, and forcing open the Doors, behind which the Souldiers had Barricado'd themselves, were rush-

ing into the City, but the Grand Rounds opposed them with so much courage, that they left many Dead upon the place. The Citizens likewise coming in, briskly charged them, and kill'd one on the Bridge of *Rhofne*; and another between the Gate and the Port-cullice which was let down. Being repulsed from thence, they endeavoured to break through the Houses into the chief Street of the City, killing one Man, and applying the Petard to a Stable Door.

Whilst this was doing, a Gunner having fired a Cannon from the Bulwark of *Oye*, which lay level with the Walls, he had the good hap to shatter the Ladders, and threw them all down; the report of which being heard by the *French* Regiment without the Gate, they joyfully cry'd out, *March up, march up, the City is our own*, thinking the Petard had broken open the Gate with so great a noise, and the Drums without further notice began to beat, which set them all on running to the New Gate to divide the Spoil, but were much amazed to find it still shut, so that going into the Ditch near the Scaling Ladders, the Gunner having fired his Cannon a second time charged with Small Shot, made a dreadful slaughter among them. At the same time a party of courageous Citizens, resolving to Sacrifice their Lives in defence of their Country, and recover the New Gate, fell bravely upon the Enemies Guards, killing two of them, with *Picot* the Engineer, as he was managing the Petard, and being assisted by others, they drove them from the Gate, and made them retreat to their Fellows.

The *Savoyards* astonished to find themselves inclosed between the Walls and the Houses, and not knowing

knowing how to escape, began to lose their courage; they offered to let *Bruneleiu* down from the Wall with a Rope, but he chose rather to dye than to live with shame: The Shot flew about their Ears like Hail from the Windows and tops of the Houses. One of the City Captains, half dress'd, Signalized himself eminently. A Taylor with a two handed Sword did Wonders. A Woman throwing out on purpose an Iron Pot on the head of the forwardest, broke his Skull. The courage of the Citizens increas'd, and the *Savoyards* seeing fifty of their Men lying on the ground, they fled to the place where the Ladders stood, but finding none, threw themselves down the Wall, and one of them falling upon Father *Alexander*, almost killed this false Prophet. The Chevalier *Dandelot* sliding down broke his Nose. Fifty four were killed, most Officers and men of Quality, and thirteen taken prisoners. The Cannon was brought on the platform of *Treille*, and levelled against *Plein Palais*, which instantly put the Horse and Foot that lay there to the Rout.

Albigny amazed at the unsuccessfulness of the undertaking, so well contrived and so ill performed, and finding the Shopkeepers, (as he called them in Scorn) had courage to defend themselves, he sounded a Retreat, which was very welcome to his dispersed Troops, who were benumbed with fear and cold. They marched away in haste, and brought the Duke of *Savoy* the News of the unfortunate success which the Lord of *Albigny's* rashness had produced. The Duke said little, only used his common expression to him, *You have made a very fair flourish.*

The same day the thirteen prisoners were condemned.

demned to be hanged, the Magistrates alledging for their severity, *That they did not consider them as Generous Enemies, but as Thieves that broke in in the Night, and who had violated contrary to all Right, a Peace so solemnly Sworn to.* It is said that Sonas offered to redeem his Life with his weight in Silver, but yet was hanged, together with Chaffardon, Attignac, and other persons of Quality, being accompanied by the Ministers to the place of Execution. The Council of Sixty ordered that their Heads, with those that were killed between the Walls, should be cut off and ranged on the Wall of the Bulwark, near the place where they Scaled, and their Bodies to be thrown into the River. They were found to be sixty seven in all, and so many years had the City thrown off the Romish Yoak; but with those in the Ditch, and that died by the way, they were two hundred in the whole.

On the *Genevoises* side, only thirty were wounded and seventeen killed, who were Buried in the chief Church, with an honourable Epitaph. It is said that the famous *Theodore Beza*, who was then alive in the City, and heard not the least noise of all this uproar and disturbance, and was amazed when he was led forth to see the slain who lay in the Streets, though he had left off preaching, being very Ancient, yet he got up into the Pulpit, and caused the 124 Psalm to be Sung. *Now may Israel say, If the Lord had not been on our side when men rose up against us, &c.* Which Psalm hath been ever since Sung on that day, which is kept as a publick Thanksgiving every year, and a Latine Inscription of the whole matter erected in the Town-House, for a perpetual remembrance of this great Deliverance from Popery and Slavery,

very, for the Duke of Savoy declaring, That the principal Motive to this attempt was the Establishing the Catholick Religion among them, and for the promoting so good a Work, he neither valued his Soldiers, his Treasure, nor his Person. To which the Genevoises replied, That he did not demonstrate himself Zealous for Religion, when it appeared so plainly how little he valued his Oath, and that doubtless God would not suffer him to escape unpunished, who had taken his Name in Vain. Hist. of Geneva.

Wars Master-Piece.

OF all the Warlike Inventions that have ever been contrived, Antiquity can produce none more dreadful than what were used by the people of the Netherlands against the King of Spain, and particularly at the Siege of Antwerp, which having been Besieged some time without Success, by Alexander Farnise Prince of Parma, he at length resolved to lay a Bridge over the River Scheld, that runs by the side of this City; it was 2400 foot broad, and above 60 foot deep when the Tyde is out: Yet the Prince, by indefatigable labour, and driving Piles into the bottom at length performed this wonderful Enterprize, only in the midst where the stream was rapid and very deep, he was forced to make a floating Bridge of Boats which joined the whole together. He likewise built Forts or Castles at each end, and Planked the Bridge on each side 5 foot high, to secure it from the Enemies Cannon, and from thence much annoyed the Town.

The Antwerpians finding how prejudicial this would be to them, and that it might indanger the loss of the City, they consulted many ways how to destroy it, but none took effect. At length they met with one Frederick Jambel an excellent Engineer, who coming out of Italy into Spain, desired to have access to the King, to offer him his service in the Low-Countries, but being slighted and neglected, he left the Court in a Rage, threatening,

threatning, That in a short time the K. of Spain should hear of the Name of this despised person not without tears; and coming to Antwerp, he had now a fit opportunity of expressing the malice and fury of his mind. He was entertained by the Besieged, and assured them that he would ruin this dangerous Bridge; to which purpose he built four Ships, with flat bottoms and high sides, much thicker and stronger than ordinary.

And thus he contrived to make Mines in the Waters: First, In the Keel of the Ship he made a strong Brick Wall like a Floor, or Ground-work, a foot high and 5 broad, through the whole length of the Ship, then he built Walls on each side about the Foundation, 3 foot high and as many broad, and having filled the vacancy with Gun-powder tempered with exquisite Art, unknown to any but himself, he covered it over with Grave-stones, Mill-stones, and other huge Stones: Upon this covering he made another Story, Vault-wise, of Mill-stones, and other vault Stones, which leaning on each other, made a ridge like that of an House, that so the Slaughter might not be only strait forward, but on either side. In this upper Vault he put Iron and Marble Balls, Chains, Blocks, Nails, Knives, and whatever else his mischievous Wit could suggest to him to destroy Mankind. Lastly, All the space that lay open between the sides of the Ship, and the Wall and Roof of the Mine, he filled up with Stones close joined together, and bound down with Beams fastned with Iron: He covered and secured all these things with strong Planks and a brick Floor, in the middle whereof he set fire to a pile of Wood, that the Ships might seem to be set out in that order to burn the Bridge, putting under the Wood Pitch and Brimstone, that could not be extinguished before the Mine should be fired with the prepared Timber: He framed two ways to fire the Mine, in some of the Ships he placed Matches besmeared with Gun-powder, which being laid through the Keel reached to the Mine, of that length as he had experimented, they would continue light till the Ships should come to the Bridge. In other Ships he used Clocks to continue with a gentle motion, till they arrived at the Bridge, and then with a violent meeting of the Wheels against a Flint, should strike some Sparks into the bruised Gun-powder there scattered, and inflame the Train, and thence convey the fire into the mouth of the Mine. Jambel having finished these four dreadful Engines, added 13 less, which had nothing hurtful but the Hatches covered with huge Fires. These preparations were observed by the Spaniards, though ignorant of the Stratagem, imagining they were providing a Fleet ready in the City to attack the Bridge on one side, while the Zealand and Holland Squadrons did the like on the other; therefore the Prince kept strict Guard to prevent mischief, which

was nearer to him than he imagined, when behold from the City there appeared three Ships first, and after them several others, brightly shining with Fire in the darkness of the Night, at which the Camp was alarm'd, and cryed, *Arm, Arm*, and the Bridge was filled with Souldiers. The Ships came down the River in good order, two and three together, as if intended only for shew, having the Mariners aboard them, and the flames were so clear, that they seemed not to carry Fire but to be burning themselves, and that fire could Sail and be preserved in the Waters; the whole made a glorious shew, if the Hearts of the Spectators had not been filled with terror, for the banks of the River, and the Castles placed thereon, shone with continual Fires, which with the Armed Troops along the Shore, and on the Bridge, in bright Armor, with their Swords drawn, and Colours displayed, with the Gallantry of their Commanders, made a very agreeable sight, and was heightened by those Fiery Ships in the midst of the *Scheld*, which hitherto without hurt spit their flames as if in Sport.

When these Ships were within two miles of the Bridge, the Seamen turned those four that had the Mines with their Helms directly down the midst of the Channel against the Bridge, not valuing the small Vessels, and setting fire to the Match, presently leapt into the Boats to observe the success at a distance, but wanting their Pilots they did not keep one course, most of the small ones dashed themselves against the Machines fenced with sharp Pikes, or run aground on the Banks, and of the four that carried Destruction in their Bowels, one Leaking was swallowed up in the midst of the River, vomiting out only Smoak and Thunder; two others by the force of the Wind were driven ashore on *Flanders* side, and the last had almost run the same fate, being violently driven near the Shore, which, with the sight of the loss of the rest, made the *Spaniards* Triumph and Scoff at the folly of their Enemies, but this last Ship being stronger than the others, broke through all opposition, destroying all the Engines and Contrivances made to hinder its progress, and came on furiously against the Bridge. At this sight the Souldiers shouted with terror and fear. The Prince of *Parma* when he heard those shouts came thither, and endeavoured to prevent the danger from this Fireship by commanding some Mariners aboard it, to disperse the Wood and quench the Fire, and others to keep it off with large Poles and Pikes. He himself stood in the wooden Castle on the Bridge, and with him several of the chief Commanders, and the Guard of the place, and amongst them a *Spanish* Ensign, who either had some knowledge of such Engines or knew that *Jambet* was excellent in this Art, who came to the Prince and earnestly desired him, *That since he had now done all that was necessary, he would please to withdraw himself, and not venture his Life, whereon every Souldiers Life, yea, the War it self dependeth, in so dangerous a piece, but being rejected he still insisted, and throwing him-*

(etc)

self on his Knees before the Prince, said, *I most humbly beseech and intreat you, most illustrious Prince, as you value your Life, which I have seen exposed to the utmost hazard, that you would please but this once to take Advice from your Servant; and saying this, he modestly plucked him by the Gaiement, and with a kind of commanding Authority, intreated him to follow him, who interpreting this unusual freedom of the Man to proceed from an higher Power, at last consented, and with some others went away.*

The Prince had hardly entred *St. Maries Fort*, when the limited Hour for the March to fire the Mine was come, and all on a sudden this fatal Ship burst asunder, with such a horrid noise as if the very Skies had rent asunder, and Heaven and Earth had come together, or the whole Body of the World had trembled, for the Storm of Stones, Chains, and Bullets, being thrown out with Thunder and Lightning, there followed such a slaughter as cannot be imagined. The Castle on which this Infernal Ship fell, the Bridge next to it, with the Soldiers, Mariners, Commanders, and a great number of Cannon, Armor and Arms, all these this furious Whirlwind swept away together, tossed in the Air, and dispersed as the Wind doth Leaves of Trees; the River *Scheld* prodigiously gaping, was then first seen to discover its bottom, and then swelling above the Banks, over-flowed the adjacent Shores, the motion of the Earth was felt nine miles off, and great Grave-stones were thrown a mile from the River sunk two foot into the ground: But the destruction of men was very deplorable, some the Hellish violence of the fires consumed, or carried into the Air, whence they fell bruised on the Earth, or into the River, others were stifled with the poysonous Smoak, others boiled to death with the Scalding Waters, many slain with the shower of Stones, and some the Grave stones both killed and Intombed. The Viscount of *Brussels* was darted out of his own Ship and fell overthwart another Ship at a great distance without hurt. A Captain, by this Infernal Whirlwind, was carried heavy Armed out of *St. Maries Fort* like Chaff in the Air, and thrown into the midst of the River, from whence by Swimming, with the loss of his Armor, he escaped. A young man of the Princes Guard was carried over a great part of the River into *Brabant*, a very great way, only hurting his Shoulder a little when he fell on the ground, and said he seemed like a Bullet shot out of a Cannon, he felt such a violence forcing him forward. To conclude, there were 500 slain, and the Prince of *Parma* in great danger, though at a good distance off, by a great Stake which struck him down, where he lay for some time in a Trance: And indeed, the desolation occasioned by this Execrable Engine, made people say, That the Author of it fetcht this terrible fire which made the River boil with heat, and those pestiferous mortal vapours, from the Infernal Pit, and that the Thunder and Lightning was procured by Magick Art. Wars of the Low Countries.

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